Clement Hennage

with the Editor's kind regards.
June 6. 1843.

Arundines Cami

SIVE

MUSARUM CANTABRIGIENSIUM

LUSUS CANORI

Collegit atque edidit

HENRICUS DRURY, A.M.

Equitare in arundine longa

EDITIO ALTERA.

Cantabrigiæ:
TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUSUS
VENEUNT APUD J. G. PARKER, LONDINI;
ET
J. ET J. J. DEIGHTON, CANTABRIGIÆ.

M.DCCC.XLIII

ALMAE . MATRI

ACADEMIAE . CANTABRIGIENSI.

HOS . ARVNDINVM . VOCALIVM . SVSVRROS.

GRATO . ANIMO.

D . D . D.

HENRICVS . DRVRY.

ARTIVM . MAGISTER.

Lectori S.

NE mireris, Lector erudite, quod in ævo rerum utilium magis sagaci, quam ornamentorum studioso, novos quosdam 'Musarum fœtus' ausim expromere, id accuratius edoceri fortasse non gravaberis.

Quum jam, ad curas sanctiores vocatus, ab Academia nostra decessissem, venit mihi in mentem, quæ calamo Græco aut Latino lusissem, subsecivis horis in fasciculum unum colligere. Huc accessere quædam non invenustæ prolusiones eorum quibuscum familiarissime versatus sum; eaque omnia collata tandem et comparata, ita mihi arridebant, ut oculis viderer paternis tanquam filiolos meos intueri; intuens autem, mox cuperem oculos omnium hominum ad eosdem allicere. Cæterum, his vixdum perpensis, prout plurima vires eundo acquirunt, quæ somniassem, aliis quibusdam Cantabrigiensibus impertitus sum, et paulatim auxilia in re audacissima contraxi. Itaque brevi tempore haud scio an omnia Nasonum et Maronum et Poetarum Scenicorum scrinia in manus meas fuerint effusa; certe ea quidem abundabat munificentia vatum et Latine et Attice scribentium, ut in seligendo magis quam in colligendo summus labor poneretur.

Inter has opes, plurimi faciebam quæcunque de Musis nostratibus Latine conversa acciperem, eademque

diligenter excerpebam. Etenim experiendo cognovi animum lectoris hoc genus eo libentius adire, quo acrioris ingenii vis in interpretando postuletur ; quo plus exigatur calliditatis in electione ac constructione verborum; quo exquisitior pateat doctrinæ concinnitas in accommodando linguæ obsoletæ non sua *ἰδιώματα*.

Jam vero veniam dabit Censor criticus, si seriem atque juncturam operis levissimi facetam magis quam legitimam, meorum arbiter, mihi proposuero. Quippe meminerit idem, si

> Illecebris foret et grata novitate morandus
> Spectator,

tamen non me oblitum fuisse

> ita vertere seria ludo,

ut in alteram partem libelli omnia sacra per se reverenter essent seposita atque distributa.

Utrum feliciter necne conati simus monachorum hymnos rhythmicos imitari, judicent alii: unum id in hoc loco jure lamentamur, quod ista species carminum, tam casta, tam pulcra, tam plena exercitationis idoneæ, cum in ludis publicis, tum apud Academicos nostros, penitus omissa esse videatur. Quis autem ignorat quam egregia sit hodie ad versiones sacras opportunitas, seu quis illius 'Lyræ Apostolicæ' fila solicitet, sive circa dædalos flores 'Anni Christiani' fundantur poetarum examina?

Neque huic procemio ante aulæa tollantur, quam adjutoribus meis, quorum erit omnis laus, si quid suavius

aut elegantius in Anthologia nostra eniteat, maximas gratias persolvam. Inque iis præsertim ἀκολακεύτως agnosco quid ego debeam Francisco Hodgson, Collegii Etonensis Præposito; quid eruditissimo Francisco Wrangham, inter Brigantes Archidiacono: quid Baroni Lyttelton quantum titulis, tantum ingenio et doctrina nobili; quid denique amicissimo meo Henrico Johanni Hodgson, e collegio SS. Trinitatis socio, et ab ovo usque ad mala strenuo præ omnibus auxiliatori.

Superest, ut pacem tuam impetrem, lector benevole, si fortasse quædam mendose, quædam negligentius, inter has nugas, prelo commissa offendas. Cujusvis est hominis errare: quin et noster Vincentius Bourne, ornatissimus ille Romani carminis artifex, ipse aliquoties peccat, et versus incomposito pede currentes patitur. Spero autem te facilius mihi obtemperaturum, si intellexeris, editorem tuum, neque inter silvas Academi, neque propter susurrantes Ilissi ripas, sed in rure reducto, procul ab amicis, procul a libris, procul a doctissimorum colloquio, solum et tacitum et aliquando tristissimum, hos labores suos in lucem protulisse.

Tibi vero, Alma Mater 'lepidum novum libellum', qualiscunque sit, dono ac dedico. Tu, pro eo ac meretur, aut abjicies aut—si me amas, amplecteris. Tui gratam memoriam vel absens persequar. Quare fac me diligas, et dignitati meæ suffrageris.

Dabam apud Genistarum Villam.
a. d. xiii. Cal. *Aprilis*. MD.CCC.XLI.

Monitum.

In nova editione pauca quædam, quasi emerita carmina, jam rude donavi: quorum in locum suffecta alia, multa denique emendata, inveniet lector curiosus.

Vereor ne parum gratus fuisse videar, qui Jacobi Hildyard et Caroli Merivale nomina in commemoratione adjutorum ante prætermiserim. Pro utroque satis loquuntur quæ contulerunt: sed alter horum denuo copiosa adduxit subsidia, stiloque, ut solet, usus est felicissimo.

Non tali eget auxilio Francisci Wrangham flebilis memoria: quod si fidem ejus ac benevolentiam bonorum omnium consensus; si genus et vitam marmor sepulcrale testabitur; amoris tamen et studii, quo Musas etiam in senectute complexus est, exiguo sit pignori hoc nostrum opusculum:

Εἰσέτι γὰρ πνείει τὰ σὰ χείλεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἆσθμα·
Ἀχὼ δ' ΕΝ ΔΟΝΑΚΕΣΣΙ *τέας ἐπιβόσκετ' ἀοιδάς.*

Scripsi apud Bromham,
Prid. Cal. *Maii.* MD.CCC.XLIII.

Arundines Contulerunt.

Samuelis Butler, S.T.P. nuper Episcopus Lichfieldensis	S. B.
Dominus Johannes Manners, A.M.	J. M.
Baro Lyttelton, A.M.	L.
Alexander Jacobus Beresford Hope, A.M.	A. B. H.
Ricardus Porson, A.M.	R. P.
Franciscus Hodgson, S.T.B. Collegii Etonensis Præpositus	F. H.
Franciscus Wrangham, A.M. nuper inter Brigantes Archidiaconus	F. W.
Edvardus Craven Hawtrey, S.T.P. Scholæ Etonensis Archididascalus	E. C. H.
Henricus Josephus Thomas Drury, A.M. Scholæ Harroviensis nuper Deuterodidascalus	H. J. T. D.
Benjaminus Hall Kennedy, S.T.P. Scholæ Salopiensis Archididascalus	B. H. K.
Johannes Heyrick Macaulay, A.M. Scholæ Reptonensis nuper Archididascalus	J. H. M.
Georgius Caldwell, A.M. Collegii IESU Socius	G. C.[1]
Henricus Arturus Hallam, A.M.	H. H.
Gulielmus Jacobus Law, A.M.	W. J. L.
Carolus Merivale, S.T.B. Collegii D. Johannis Socius	C. M.
Jacobus Hildyard, A.M. Collegii Christi Socius	J. H.
Georgius Kennedy, A.M. Collegii D. Johannis nuper Socius	G. K.

[1] Mira.

Johannes Gulielmus Donaldson, A.M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis nuper Socius	J. W. D.
Alexander Fridericus Merivale, A.M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis nuper Socius	A. F. M.
Marmaduke Lawson, A.M.	M. L.
Henricus Johannes Hodgson, A.M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis Socius	H. J. H.
Gulielmus Gilson Humphry, A.M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis Socius	W. G. H.
Benjaminus Heath Drury, A.M. Collegii Caiani Socius	B. H. D.
Carolus Johannes Vaughan, A.M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis nuper Socius	C. J. V.
Georgius Currey, A.M. Collegii D. Johannis Socius	*G. C.
Edvardus Balston, A.M. Collegii Regalis Socius	E. B.
Henricus Drury, A.M.	H. D.

Elenchus Carminum.

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H. D.
R. Person
J. H.

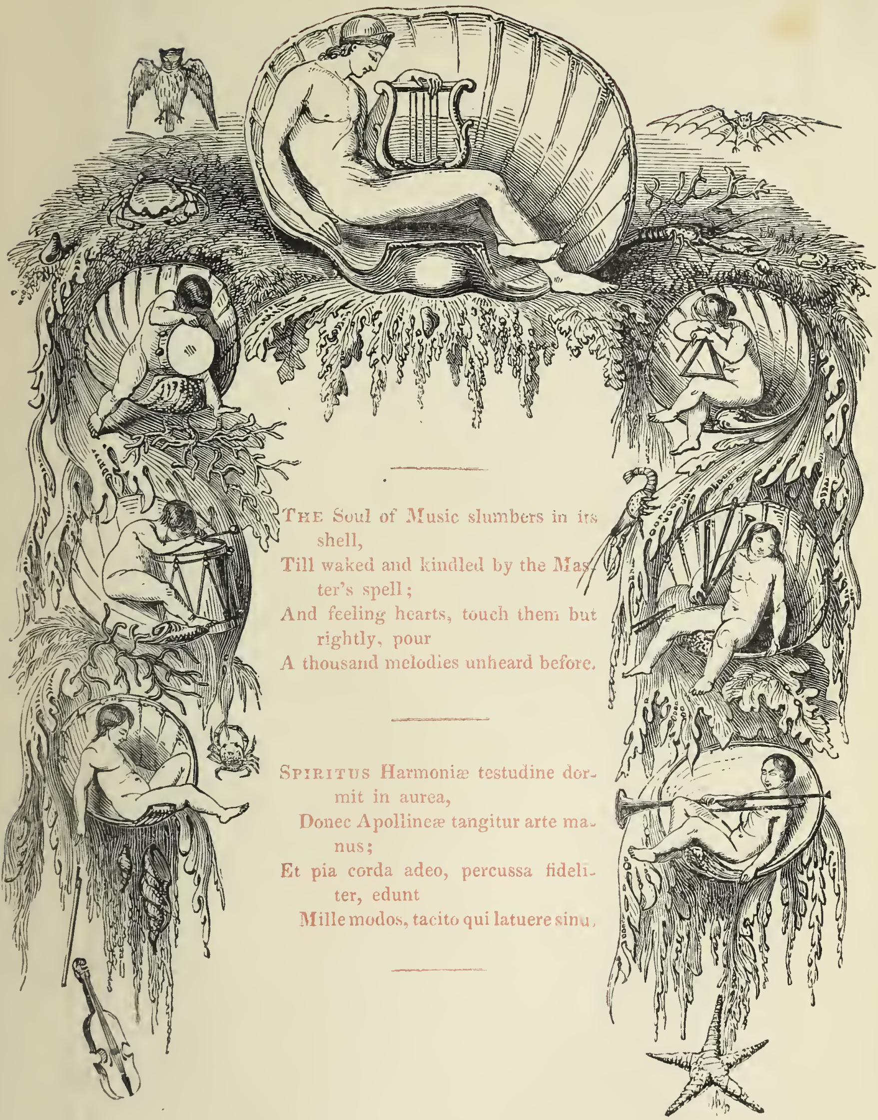
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ARUNDINES CAMI.



The Soul of Music slumbers in its shell,
Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

Spiritus Harmoniæ testudine dormit in aurea,
Donec Apollineæ tangitur arte manus;
Et pia corda adeo, percussa fideliter, edunt
Mille modos, tacito qui latuere sinu.

The Commencement of the Nineteenth Century.

Noble friend! say where may Freedom banish'd,
  Where may stricken Peace a refuge find,
Now the century in storm has vanished,
  And the next in carnage stalks behind?
All old bonds of nations rent asunder;
  All old forms swift hastening to decline;
Nor can Ocean stay the battle's thunder,
  Nor the Nile-God, nor the ancient Rhine.
Two gigantic rival states, contending
  For the sole dominion of the world,
O'er all laws, all birthrights else, impending,
  Have the trident and the lightning hurl'd.
Every land to them must mete its treasure;
  And, like Brennus in those ruder days,
Here the Frank his ponderous falchion's measure
  In the wavering scale of justice lays;
There his fleets the Briton, rich and mighty,
  Polypus-like, stretches o'er the deep,
And the kingdom of free Amphitrite,
  Closes as his own peculiar keep.
To the South-pole's hidden constellations
  In his restless, boundless, course he flies,

Ad Postumum.

Postume, quod quæris mihi, quod tibi, defit asylum,
Neque ulla rebus impetrantur otia:
Ut mala nimboso cum turbine conditur ætas!
Ut inter arma sæculum renascitur!
Ut rupti nexus populorum, ususque, modusque,
Et irriti novantur urbium status!
Nec tu, Rhene pater, nec prœlia Nilipotens rex,
Neque obserata distulistis æquora!
En geminæ gentes regno super omnia turbant;
Stat invicem patronus et juvat Deus.
Hanc vetere obsequio Neptunia cuspis obarmat,
Corusca fulminantis hanc Jovis manus.
Auro inhiant ambæ; superest violentia fraudi,
Et ipsa crescit appetentibus fames.
Ergo ense injecto Brennorum Gallus ad instar
Superbus æra libripentis elevat:
Qualis at articulis polypus cava tentat aquarum,
Terit Britannus omne classibus fretum:
Gentibus ille satam sibi vindicat Amphitriten,
Habetque avarus æquor, ut domum suam.
Hoc opus, hæ vires; quibus omnigenum ventorum
Nigros ad usque devolavit objices,
Sideribus rexitque ratem non ante repertis,
Inexpedita quo ferat lucri via.

To all isles, all coasts of furthest nations—
  All—but only those of Paradise.
Vainly o'er the world's wide surface ranging,
  Would'st thou seek that blessed spot to know,
Where bright Freedom's verdure smiles unchanging,
  Where life's earliest flowers undying blow?
Endless lies the globe's huge floating mansion,
  Scarce can sail its bulk enormous trace—
Yet not all throughout its vast expansion
  May ten happy beings find a place.
To the heart's still chamber, deep and lonely,
  Must thou flee from life's tumultuous throng:
Freedom in the land of dreams is only,
  And the Beauteous blooms alone in song.

Merivale's Schiller.

The Old Gentleman of Tobago.

There was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice gruel and sago;
  Till much to his bliss
  His physician said this—
'To a leg, Sir, of mutton you may go.'

Gammer Gurton.

At latet Elysium felix nemus; at pia sedes
  Adhuc fefellit, angulusque Achilleï,
Qua sua libertas animis, rerumque juventas
  Virescit, hortulisque pullulat sacris.
Quod si spe nimia tanti sinus orbis aditur,
  Volantis ut fatiscat impetus trabis,
Ipse tamen digitis potes enumerare beatos,
  Quot omnis ora pascit, et tegit polus—
Tecum habita, Geniumque fove (neque enim hoc
    Deus aufert)
  Inulta si stat occupare gaudia:
Prende chelyn, cui sola patet plaga libera mundi,
  Vacantque regna somniorum inania.

C. M.

Senex Tobagensis.

Jamdudum senior quidam de rure Tobagus
  Invito madidas carpserat ore dapes:
Sed Medicus tandem, non injucunda locutus,
  'Assæ,' dixit, 'oves sint tibi cœna, senex.'

ΓΕΡΩΝ τις, οἰκῶν τοὺς Τοβαγῴους μύχους,
ἐδειπνοποιεῖ σαγινὴν δηρὸν τροφήν·
τέλος δ' ἴατρος εἶπε, χαρμονὴν κλύειν,
φάγοις ἂν ἤδη πρόβατον, ὦ μάκαρ γέρον.

W. J. D.

Ode to Adversity.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bad to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Gray.

In Calamitatem.

Quæ sævo domitos imperio regis
Mortales, superi nata Jovis Dea,
Dira non sine pœna et
Flagris improba ferreis

Pertentans homines; unde adamantinis
Sub vinclis trepidum comprimitur Nefas,
Anguntur que malorum
Seris pectora luctibus,

Nec puri sceleris non animi dolent;
Te reges dominam purpurei novam,
Per deserta domorum,
Te vano gemitu tremunt.

Cum lectam generi mittere filiam
Humano voluit cœlicolum Pater
Virtutem, tibi diam
Commisit sobolem Deus,

Ut prudens teneræ pectora fingeres.
Ah quanta rigidam te patientia,
Nutrix aspera, longis
Virtus temporibus tulit!

Sensit, qua miseris fracta doloribus
Mens cura gemeret: sensit, et haud suo,
Te perdocta magistra,
Luctu tangitur invicem.

L.

Sandy's Ghost.

The Moon had climbed the highest hill
  Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
  Her silvery light o'er tower and tree;

When Mary laid her down to sleep,
  Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When low and soft a voice she heard
  Say—'Mary, weep no more for me.'

She from her pillow gently raised
  Her head, to see who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
  With visage pale and hollow e'e.

'O Maiden dear, cold is my clay,
  'It lies beneath a stormy sea;
'Far far from thee I sleep in death,
  'So, Mary,—weep no more for me.

'O Maiden dear, thyself prepare,
  'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
'Where love is free from doubt and care,
  'And we shall meet to part no more.'

Loud crowed the cock; the Shadow fled;
  No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the parting Spirit said—
  'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'

Old Ballad.

Alexis Umbra.

Quod perlucentis spectat cunabula Devæ,
  Luna super summum fulserat alba jugum;
Argentique faces Eoi a vertice cœli
  Sparserat in silvas turrigerasque domos.

In lecto composta, suum jam Phyllis Alexin
  Visa erat in somnis per freta longa sequi,
Quum pressum irrepsit murmur—'Mea Phylli, quiescas;
  'Desine torqueri, quod tuus absit Amor.'

Sustulit a mœsto tremulum caput illa cubili,
  Quæsitum in thalamo quis sit et unde suo;
Et stare algentem perterrita vidit Alexin,
  Exsangui vultu luminibusque cavis.

'Sternor ego exanimis, vita O mihi carior ipsa,
  'Intempestivo pulvis et ossa mari;
'Te procul amplector mortem—mea Phylli, quiescas;
  'Nequicquam quereris, quod tuus absit Amor.

'Suave meum, non longa mora est—quin mollia tangas
  'Numina, et in sacra congrediamur humo;
'Qua manet inconcussa Fides, secura laborum;
  'Qua gremio nunquam diripiere meo.'

Fortiter increpuit gallus: vaga fugit Imago:
  Solvitur ante oculos quod fuit omne viri;
Sed tenere abscedens dixit—'Mea Phylli, quiescas;
  'Nequicquam flebis, quod tuus absit Amor.'

H. D.

Bonnie Lass.

Bonnie lass, bonnie lass, will you be mine?
Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor serve the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam,
And thou shalt have strawberries sugar and cream.

Gammer Gurton.

Mad Tom.

I am mad Tom, behold me!
My senses are gone from me;
  I'm mad, I'm sure,
  I'm past all cure,
And Bedlam scarce can hold me.

I'll climb yon lofty mountain,
And there I'll fight the gypsies;
  I'll play at bowls
  With the sun and moon,
And beat them both to eclipses.

I'm wiser than Apollo;
For while he lay a sleeping,
  I saw the stars
  At mortal jars,
While Vulcan was a weeping.

Purcell.

Pulcra Puella.

Pulcra puella, velis fieri mea, pulcra puella?
Pascere non porcos, tibi non detergere lances
Curæ erit; at vestem suere et requiescere sella;
Mellaque erunt epulis et lacte fluentia fraga.

F. H.

Thomas Demens.

Ecce, furens Thomas! Sensus fugere, nec ullam
  Suggerit insano cura medentis opem;
Distrahor, accendor flammis! quid ferrea possunt
  Claustra, quid Anticyræ jugera tota mihi?

Impiger adversi scandam juga devia montis,
  Atque Ægyptiaco cum grege bella geram;
Ire pilis lusum cum Luna et Sole parabor,
  Condiderit nitidum donec uterque latus.

Non quenquam avertor, vel Apolline doctior ipso;
  Nam dum purpureo dormiit ille toro,
Astra inter niveas vidi pugnantia nubes,
  Vulcani fuscas imbre rigante genas.

H. D.

I'd be a Butterfly.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,
  Where roses and lilies and violets meet;
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
  And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!
I'd never languish for wealth or for power;
  I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet:
I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,
  Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

O could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
  I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings:
Their summer-day's ramble is sportive and airy,
  They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those, who have wealth, must be watchful and wary;
  Power, alas! nought but misery brings!
I'd be a Butterfly sportive and airy,
  Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings!

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
  Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day!
Sure it is better, when summer is over,
  To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
  Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a Butterfly; living a rover,
  Dying when fair things are fading away!

Haynes Bayley.

Ah! sim Papilio.

Ah! sim Papilio natus in flosculo,
  Rosæ ubi liliaque et violæ halent,
Floribus advolans, avolans, osculo
  Gemmulas tangens, quæ suave olent!
Sceptra et opes ego neutiquam postulo,
  Nolo ego ad pedes qui se volutent:
Ah! sim Papilio natus in flosculo,
  Osculans gemmas quæ suave olent!

Magicam si possem virgam furari,
  Alas has pulcras aptem mi, eheu!
Æstivis actis diebus in aëre,
  Rosa cubant Philomelæ cantu.
Opes quid afferunt?—curas, somnum rare:
  Sceptra nil præter ærumnas, eheu!
Ah! sim Papilio, die volans aëre,
  Rosa cubans Philomelæ cantu!

Quemque horum vagulum dicis horrore
  Frigora autumni ferire suo:
Æstas quando abiit, mallem ego mori,
  Omni quod dulce est cadente pulcro.
Brumæ, qui cupiunt, captent labore
  Gaudia, et moras breves trahunto—
Ah! sim Papilio: vivam in errore,
  Concidamque omni cadente pulcro!

F. W.

The Lotos Eaters.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each: but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake;
And music in his ears his beating heart did wake.
They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
And wife and child and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'—
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
'Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

Tennyson.

Bandy Legs.

As I was a going to sell my eggs;
I met a man with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes:—
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on his nose.

Gammer Gurton.

Lotophagi.

Quinetiam magica ramos de stirpe ferebant,
Floribus et fructu gravidos, et dulcia cuique
Dona dabant: quorum succo semel ore recepto,
Visa procul longis incassum anfractibus unda
Mugire increpitans, et non sua litora plangi:
Et tenuis, sociorum aliquis si forte locutus,
Stridere vox, Lemurum velut imbecilla querela:
Et licet insomnis, somno cogi inque pediri
Omnis; et auditis tremulo modulamine fibris,
Suave sub arguto geminari pectore murmur.
Consedere omnes ad flavæ litus arenæ,
In medio Solis radios Lunæque tuentes;
Et patriæ dulcis, sobolisque irrepit imago
Mentibus, et veteris procul oblectamina vitæ.
Tædia mox pelagus, remi quoque tædia visi
Ingerere, et spumæ sterilis longissimus æstus;
Atque aliquis tandem—'non amplius ibimus,' inquit:
Continuoque omnes—'longe mare clauditur ultra
'Insula, nostra domus: non amplius ibimus'—omnes.

C. M.

Raro quod accidit.

Ibam forte forum vendendis impiger ovis;
  Obvius incurvis vir mihi fit pedibus,
Cruribus et varis: mihi supplantare misellum
  Sors erat; in nares incidit ille solo.

C. H.

The Blind Man's Bride.

WHEN first, beloved, in vanished hours,
The Blind Man sought thy hand to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
New freshened by the summer's rain.
The beauty which made them rejoice
My darkened eyes might never see,
But well I knew thy gentle voice,
And that was all in all to me.

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
They talked to me of Time's decay,
Of roses from thy soft cheek gone,
Of ebon tresses turned to grey.
I heard them; but I heeded not;
The withering change I could not see;
Thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,
And that was all in all to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,
And only know that we are old
By counting happy hours gone by.
Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,
Thy brow less beautiful may be;
But oh the voice, which first I knew,
Still keeps the same sweet tone to me!

Mrs Norton.

Cæcus ad Uxorem.

Tempore præterito cum te, mea vita, petebam
  Conjugio mecum jungere cæcus ego;
Ipsa (susurrabant) ibas pulcherrima rerum,
  Flore prior, verna qui recreatur aqua.
Quæ tam grata aliis, tam conspicienda, venustas
  Fulserit—heu! oculis abditur illa meis;
Sed blanda est auri tua vox bene cognita nostræ:
  Id fuit e votis omnibus omne mihi.

At quia labuntur reduces velociter anni,
  Jam formæ memorant plurima damna tuæ;
Quod nigri albescant rugosa in fronte capilli,
  Quod rosa sit teneris deperitura genis.
Inscius audivi: nec sunt mihi talia curæ;
  Effugiant veneres, non ego testis ero:
Mulsit adhuc mea me vocis dulcedine conjux:
  Id fuit e votis omnibus omne mihi.

Sic, mea vita, una sub cœlo errabimus almo,
  Dum brevis in fido pectore vita calet;
Et, nisi felices quando numerabimus horas,
  Immemores erimus nos simul esse senes.
Quod si non vultu maneat color ille rosarum,
  Frons etiam uxori sit minus alba meæ;
Vox tua suaviloqua me cepit imagine primum;
  Vox tua dat liquidum, quod dedit ante, melos.

H. I. H.

The May Queen.

You must mind and call me early, call me early, Mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year ;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break ;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robert leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Cras Dione jura dicet fulta sublimi throno.

MANE, mater, excita me, mane quam maturrime,
Cras enim recentis anni lux erit lætissima;
Cras recentis illa veris hilaris, audax, improba:
Ipsa Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Sunt nigris, aiunt, ocellis—sed mei nigerrimi—
Sunt Maria et Margarita, cumque Cathara Carula;
Omnium sed parvam Elisam prædicant pulcerrimam:
Domina quare feriarum, mater, et Princeps ero.

Atqui, ut experrecta fuerim, noctem adeo perdormio,
Voce fac clara voces me, modo dies illuxerit;
Namque primulas legendum, colligandum nodulos,
Domina quoniam feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

En! jugo subire adorsa repperi, quemnam putas?
Ponte Mœrin insidentem repperi, corylum prope:
Ille quam torvum tuebar here, reor, consciverat:
At ego Domina feriarum, mater, et Princeps ero.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

The honey-suckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-
flowers,
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and
hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

Ille me spectrum putavit, candidatam contuens,
Recta euntem, nec loquentem, lucis ut scintillulam:
Me vocant crudelem amicæ; sed mea nil interest:
Domina namque feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Deperit me, aiunt, amando;—at non ego illis credula:
Deperit, mater, dolendo;—atqui mea quid interest?
Pulcriores, fortiores, quippe erunt proci mihi;
Et ego Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Nec minus tenella mecum feriabitur soror;
Tuque me, mater, velis videre fieri principem:
Nam juventus undequaque veniet agricolantium;
Et ego Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

En! casas intexit udas postibus caprifolium,
Inque pratis per canales cardamina suaveolet,
Subter in stagnis coruscat orbe caltha flammeo
Ipsa Domina feriarum, mater, et Princeps ero.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow
grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they
pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and
play;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

Tennyson.

Twinkle, Twinkle.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
When the blazing Sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,

Hinc et hinc nocturnus herbis it reditque spiritus,
Et super salire visa transeunte sidera;
Nec diem tantillus humor inquinare cogitat:
Ipsa Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

At virebit, at vigebit otio saltus sacro;
Bellides jam prodit omnis collis et ranunculos;
Floridoque lætus alveo saliet amnis inquies:
Domina namque feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Surge, mater, et voca me, mane quam maturrime,
Cras enim recentis anni lux erit lætissima;
Cras recentis, mater, anni quam procax, quam perdita!
Ipsa domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

C. M.

Mica, Mica.

Mica, mica, parva Stella;
Miror, quænam sis tam bella!
Splendens eminus in illo,
Alba velut gemma, cœlo.
Quando fervens Sol discessit,
Nec calore prata pascit,

Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.
In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye,
Till the Sun is in the sky.

Gammer Gurton.

Reciprocity.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar in a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouched by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.
Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.
Must I with attentive eye
Watch her anxious bosom sigh?

Tum ostendis lumen purum,
Micans, micans, per obscurum.
Tibi, noctu qui vagatur,
Ob scintillulam gratatur;
Ni micares tu, non sciret
Quas per vias errans iret.
Meum sæpe thalamum luce
Specularis curiosa;
Neque carpseris soporem,
Donec venit Sol per auram.

H. D.

Disce meo exemplo formosis posse carere.

Phyllidis effugiunt nos lumina: dulcia sunto—
Pulcra licet, nobis haud ea pulcra micant.
Nectar erat labiis, dum spes erat ista bibendi;
Spes perit—isque simul, qui fuit ante, decor.
Votis me Galatea petit: caret arte puella;
Parque rosis tenero vernat in ore color;
Sed nihil ista juvant; forsan tamen ista juvabunt,
Cum rubeant, victa rusticitate, genæ.
Pura manus mollisque fluit: neque credere possum:
Ut sit vera fides, ista premenda mihi est:
Non bene credit amor—nam res est plena timoris—
Conscia ni dextram dextera pressa premat.
Ecce, movent pectus suspiria!—quid moror uri?
Quid moror occultis invigilare notis?

I will do so, when I see
That anxious bosom sigh for me.

Sheridan.

The Cobbler.

A WAGGISH Cobbler issued once in Rhodes a proclamation,
How he'd be willing to disclose for a due consideration,
A secret, which the cobbling world could not afford to lose—
The way to make in one short day a hundred pair of shoes!
From every quarter to the sight there ran a thousand fellows,
Tanners, Cobblers, Boot-professors, jolly Leather-sellers;
All redolent of beer and smoke and cobbler's wax and hides;
Each man he pays his thirty pence, and calls it cheap besides.
Silence!—the Cobbler enters in, and casts around his eyes;
Then curls his lips, the rogue—then frowns, and then looks wondrous wise:
'My friends,' he says, 'it is a simple plan I shall propose,
And every one of you, I think, may learn it, if you choose;
To make the hundred pairs of shoes,—just go back to your shops—
And take a hundred pair of boots, and cut off all their tops!'

Δ.

Si nostri modo cura memor, nostrique caloris,
Tangat eam, facere id non pudor ullus erit.

M. L.

Amphora cœpit Institui currente rota cur Urceus exit?

ΔΕΞΙΟΣ τις Βυρσοδέψης θαῦμα δηλώσειν μέγα
ἐν Ῥόδῳ ποτ' ἠγόρευσεν, ἀργύριον ἤν τις διδῷ,
κἀνύσειν ἑκατὸν κατ' ἦμαρ σάνδαλ' εὖ πεπηγμένα.
μυρίοι δὲ πρὸς θέαμα πάντοθεν κατέῤῥεον,
δερμάτων ὄζοντες ἡδὺ καὶ πίνου τε καὶ πότου,
σκυτόδεψαι, σκυτόπωλαι, σανδαλίσκων ἐργαται,
θαυμάσαντες καὶ τελοῦντες δύο δραχμὰς θεωρικάς.
κᾆτα τήνδ' ὁ βυρσοδέψης προσβλέπων ὁμήγυριν,
καὶ γελῶν ἅμ' οὐπιτριπτὸς, κᾂν ξυναίρων τὰς ὀφρῦς,
ῥαδία μέν ἐστιν—εἶπεν—ἣν διδάξομεν τεχνὴν,
ῥάδιον δὲ τοῦτο πρᾶγμα μανθάνειν, ὃς ἂν θέλῃ,
κἀνύειν ἑκατὸν κατ' ἦμαρ σάνδαλ' εὖ πεπηγμένα—
εἴ γε τἄκρ' ἑκατὸν κοθόρνων ἐκτεμεῖ καττύματα.

H. D.

Cupid and Campaspe.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cardes for kisses; Cupid pay'd:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his browe,
And then the dimple of his chinne;
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall alas! become of mee?

Lely.

Adieu, Adieu! My Native Shore.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

Amor et Campaspe.

Ludebant simul alea Cupido et
Campaspe mea pignore osculorum.
Hæc rapto fruitur: sed ille postis
Arcuque et pharetra, suis sagittis,
Materno pare passerum et columbis,
Jactu perdit et illa; perditisque,
Promit curalium labri, rosamque
Miris ingenitam modis genarum;
His et marmora frontis et latentem
Addit purpureo sub ore risum;
Quæcumque opposuit, rapit puella.
Certat in geminos dehinc ocellos,
Exsurgitque oculis minor Cupido.
O factum male vel Deo! sed in me,
Mortali misero, ah quid est futurum?

*G. C.

Vale Britannia.

"Terra paterna, vale! vitrei trans marmora ponti
Labitur ex oculis terra paterna meis:
Flamina rauca sonant, reboant in litora fluctus,
Spumea cum strepitu nubila mergus arat.
Hunc, vespertinis qui sol se condit in undis,
Urgemus celeri subsequimurque fuga.
Paulum igitur valeas tu, sol pulcerrime—tuque
Terra, mihi longum destituenda, vale!

"A few short hours and He will rise
  To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
  But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
  Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
  My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
  Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
  Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
  Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
  More merrily along."

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
  I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
  Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
  A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
  But thee—and one above.

"Efferet Eoo mox se redivivus ab æstu
  Phœbus, et incipiet jam novus ire dies;
Tum mare conspiciam mollesque per æthera cœlos—
  Sed non materni reddita regna soli.
Stat deserta domus; patrum silet aula meorum;
  Nec vetus est solito fervidus igne focus;
Quin steriles herbæ dominantur pariete in ipso,
  Et canis occlusas ejulat ante fores.

"Huc, puer, huc venias!—venias, positoque dolore,
  Quæ sit mœrendi jam tibi causa, refer.
Anne reformidas malesani turbinis iram,
  Anne times nimiis ne furat unda minis?
Pone metus, stantemque oculis i comprime guttam;
  Firma per æquoreas hæc ratis ibit aquas;
Nec, qui perspicuum rapidis secat æthera pennis,
  Accipiter cursu liberiore volat."

'Sæviat ira Noti, montes volvantur aquarum,
  Me nec aquæ tumidæ nec movet ira Noti.
Ne mirere tamen cura quod vexer, et ægri
  Quod subito luctus pectora nostra premant:
Nempe abiens carumque patrem matremque reliqui;
  Omnibus abreptis tu mihi solus ades,
Tuque—Deusque manet—mihi tu nunc unus amicus;
  Tu pro matre mihi, pro patre solus eris.

'My father bless'd me fervently,
  Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
  Till I come back again.'—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
  Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
  Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
  Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
  Or shiver at the gale?"—
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
  Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
  Will blanch a faithful cheek.

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
  Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
  What answer shall she make?'—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
  Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
  Will laugh to flee away.

'Tum mihi, (nam memini) pater est bona multa precatus,
  Pressa sed in forti est vana querela sinu.
At graviter puerum mater lugebit ademptum,
  Dum reduci gressu tecta paterna petam.'
"Causa satis justa est: ne sit flevisse pudori;
  Non oculos fletus dedecet iste tuos;
Quippe foret pariter si mens mihi criminis expers,
  Illa tuo pariter tacta dolore foret.

"Huc ades, O domini custos, fortissime miles,
  Dic age, cur tristi pallor in ore sedet?
Scilicet id metuis, ne nobis irruat hostis
  Gallicus? an venti verbera sæva tremis?"
'Anne putas mortem causam satis esse timoris?
  Non ita sum mollis, non ita triste mori est.
At deserta dolet quia, rapto conjuge, conjux,
  Exsulat a fidis purpura missa genis.

'Nempe uxor puerique, tui prope limina tecti,
  Litus habent vitrei, pignora cara, lacus:
Et cum sæpe pia me poscent voce parentem,
  Responsum pueris quod dabit illa suis?'
"Et tibi causa satis—ne quis contemnat amorem,
  Nec tibi non æquum sic doluisse putet:
Ille, nec invideo, doleat, cui causa dolendi;
  Læta tamen cum mens est mihi, læta fuga est.

"For who would trust the seeming sigh
  Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
  We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
  Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
  No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
  Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
  When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
  Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
  He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
  Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
  So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
  And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
  My native Land—Good Night!"

Byron.

"Versutæ quis enim, quamvis suspiret, amicæ,
  Quis puram uxori crederet esse fidem?
Cæruleos novus ignis erit qui siccet ocellos;
  Ridebunt, lacrymis quæ maduere, genæ.
Me neque præteritos lusus meminisse pigebit,
  Nec metuo in dubia quæ metuenda via:
At quia nil carum, nil post me dulce relinquo,
  Nil dignum lacrymis—hoc, mihi crede, dolet.

"Jam toto vagus orbe feror, peregrinus et exsul,
  Et circumfusum trans mare solus eo;
At, licet externas hospes sim missus in oras,
  Cum doleat nemo, cur miser ipse gemam?
In breve fors ululet tempus canis, altera donec
  Dextra cibum dederit, foverit alter amor;
Ante tamen multo quam tecta paterna revisam,
  In foribus priscum me laceraret herum.

"Te duce, remigio vectus, mea cymba, citato,
  Trajiciam salsi spumea regna maris:
Te duce, terrarum visam nova litora, promptus
  Quodlibet, id patrium ni sit, adire solum.
Cæruleæ salvete undæ, pelagique profundum;
  Cumque oculos visus deserat iste meos,
Vos nemora et solæ pariter salvete cavernæ—
  Nox cœlo properat: terra paterna, vale!"

J. H.

Hey Diddle Diddle.

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laught to see such fine sport;
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Gammer Gurton.

Woe's Me.

Oh! how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind!
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing, 'Woe's me! woe's me!'?

Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings:
Yet somehow Love a something brings
That's sweet, e'en when we sigh 'Woe's me!'

Campbell.

Little Bopeep.

Little Bopeep has lost her sheep,
And does not know where to find them:
Let them alone, and they'll soon come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Gammer Gurton.

Hei Didulum.

Hei didulum—atque iterum didulum! Felisque Fidesque!
Vacca super Lunæ cornua prosiluit:
Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludi;
Abstulit et turpi Lanx cochleare fuga.

H. D.

Eheu.

Heu queis artibus invenire fas est
Illam ex omnibus una quæ puellis
Uni conveniat puella cordi?
Quæ si perfida sit maligniorve,
Aut sera nimium reperta vita,
Quid restat, nisi fata ut increpantes
'Eheu!' carmine flebili sonemus?

Amor Marmaricas refert arenas,
Qua raris recreamur ora lymphis.
Spinas Ille alit asperi timoris,
Suspectæque malum fide venenum.
Atqui nescio quas Amor per artes
Dulce nescio quid feret, vel 'eheu!'
Ægra flebiliter sonante lingua.

A. F. M.

Bopæpia Parva.

Parva vagabundos Bopæpia perdidit agnos,
Nescia secreti quo latuere loci;
Bellula, eant, abeant; ad pascua nota redibunt,
Et reduces caudas post sua terga gerent.

H. D.

Bermuda.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In Ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song.
"What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
But yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us an eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
In daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet:
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.

Bermuda.

BERMUDA pelago qua reclinat insula,
    Invisitata navibus,
Hanc cantilenam lintre remigantium
    Exaudiit Favonius :—
" Quid nos, quid aliud, quam Dei laudes loqui
    Hunc dantis appulsum decet?
Qui litus hoc reclusit, ignotum prius,
    Utcunque nostro mitius :
Qua dira cete brevibus illidit vadis,
    Quæ maria dorsis sublevant !
Hac nempe ripa spiritus ponit maris,
    Et Præsulum execratio.
Hic, hic colorem veris æterni dedit,
    Quo cuncta rident illita,
Paransque lautas semper in diem dapes
    Huc agmina egit alitum.
Hic inter umbras mala tendit aurea,
    Ceu nocte viridi lumina;
Intusque grana condit albicantia,
    Prælata gemmis Persidum.
At, dulciorem mellibus, labris facit
    Hinc ficum et hinc occurrere;
Citrosque nostris stravit in vestigiis,
    Quas nulla bis tulerit parens.

With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, he plants the land:
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He casts (whereof we rather boast)
The Gospel pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
O let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault;
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexican bay."
Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvel.

O that I was.

O THAT I was where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not:
But where I am I still must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

Gammer Gurton.

Hic inque Libano monte quæsitas cedros
His ipse transtulit jugis;
Jussitque longe provoluta subvehi
Strepente fluctu succina.
Quin et Penates (majus) huc rapuit fretis,
Ceu margaritas æquoris;
Specusque posuit more templorum arduos,
Qua sacra fierent cœlitum.
Ergo inchoantes laudis altisonæ chorum
Illum usque clamemus Deum,
Donec reverberatus exultet fragor,
Ultra recessus Mexicos!"
Tales Britanni lintre fundebant sonos,
Pietate freti conscia;
Ultroque remis in modum cadentibus,
Insigne curabant melos.

C. M.

Displicet iste locus, clamo.

O UTINAM essem qua nunc esse volo!
Essem celeriter qua non esse nolo:
Sed esse loco, quo sum, est necesse,
Et nequeo, quo loco essem, esse.

H. D.

Euphelia and Chloe.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed—Euphelia frowned:
I sung and gazed: I played and trembled:
And Venus to the loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

Prior.

Ride a Cock Horse.

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse:
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Gammer Gurton.

Lavinia et Chloe.

Trans mare mercator falso sub nomine currit,
  Ut vehat intactas dissimulator opes;
Non male perjuram decorat Lavinia musam;
  At mihi lux vera est, veraque flamma, Chloe.

Molle meum in thalamo cultæ Lavinia mensæ
  Addiderat carmen dulcisonamque lyram;
Quum me blanda Chloe, quod erat, cantare rogavit,
  Et non indocta verrere fila manu.

Solicito chordas, vocemque e pectore mitto;
  Sed gemitus inter carmina triste sonant:
Dumque audit falsam de se Lavinia laudem,
  Totus adorato figor in ore Chloes.

Erubuit formosa Chloe; Lavinia frontem
  Contraxit; cecini contremuique simul:
Et Venus ipsa suo ridens clamavit Amori—
  'En tria facundis prodita corda genis!'

J. M.

Non sine Dis animosus Infans.

Infans, quadrivium ad Banburiensium
Manno te celerem corripe ligneo:
Albo vectam ibi equo conspicies anum.
En, quinque in digitis sex habet annulos,
Tintinnabula sex in digitis pedum!
Felix, dulce melos, quod ciet undique,
  Quoquo vertitur, audiet!

B.

The Parents' Warning.

Three children sliding on the ice
All on a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,—
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

Gammer Gurton.

Parentes Admoniti.

Tres ubi per glaciem pueri (nam canduit æstas)
  Dirigerent celeres impavidosque pedes;
Accidit, inciderent ut in undas ocyus omnes;
  Vertitur in tutam cætera turba fugam.

Hos schola si pueros sua detinuisset, et arens
  Jussisset pedibus pervolitare solum;
Pignoribus certem magnis tua parvula contra,
  Non omnes illos ira vorasset aquæ.

Vos quibus accessit proles dilecta, parentes;
  Vos etiam nullum est queis puerile genus;
Tutos in triviis natos si vultis habere,
  O precor incolumes hos retinete domi!

F. H.

Altera Versio.

Κρυσαλλοπηκτους τρίπτυχοι κόροι ῥοὰς
Ὥρᾳ θέρους ψαίροντες εὐτάρσοις ποσὶ,
Διναῖς ἔπιπτον, οἷα δὴ πίπτειν φιλεῖ,
Ἅπαντες· εἶτ᾽ ἔφευγον οἱ λελειμμένοι.
Ἄλλ᾽ εἴπερ ἦσαν ἐγκεκλεισμένοι μοχλοῖς,
Ἢ ποσὶν ὀλισθάνοντες ἐν ξηρῷ πέδῳ,
Χρυσῶν ἂν ἠθέλησα περιδόσθαι σταθμῶν,
Εἰ μὴ μέρος τι τῶν νέων ἐσώζετο.
Ἄλλ᾽, ὦ τοκεῖς, ὅσοις μὲν ὄντα τυγχάνει,
Ὅσοις δὲ μή, βλαστήματ᾽ εὐτέκνου σπορᾶς,
Ἢν εὐτυχεῖς εὔχησθε τὰς θυράζ᾽ ὁδοὺς
Τοῖς παισὶν, εὖ σφᾶς ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσετε.

R. P.

The Pledge.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
  And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth spring,
  Doth ask a draught divine;
But might I from Jove's nectar sip,
  I'd change it not for thine.

Ben Jonson.

Pillycock.

Old Pillycock sat on a grassy hill,
And if he's not gone, he sits there still.

Gammer Gurton.

The Marks of Love.

Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boast'st to love as well as me,
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither, and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears,
To live upon a smile for years,
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet,
To kneel, to languish, to implore,
And still, though she disdain, adore.
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

Propinatio.

Luminibus solis oro mihi, vita, propines;
Luminibus reddam mox ego, crede, vices:
Aut tantum admoto cyathum mihi tinge labello,
Et desiderium fugerit omne meri.
Scilicet, ex anima quæ fervida nascitur ima,
Non nisi divino est fonte levanda Sitis;
Ast ego, donentur mihi si Jovis ipsa, recusem
Pocula—sunt labris illa secunda tuis.

G. K.

Pillicoccius.

Lacerpicifero jugo sedebat,
Et si non abeat, diu sedebit,
Spes ille ultima Pillicocciorum.

H. D.

Indicia Amoris.

Ferre parem nostris qui te, puer, ignibus ignem
Jactas—si caleat forte quis igne pari—
Infelix tua vota refer: referam ipse vicissim,
Quid sit Amor, pateat qualibus ille notis.

Est, pasci in totos risum, si riserit, annos:
Est, solvi in lacrymas, fundere vota, preces:
Ante pedes semper volvi et languere puellæ;
Si fugit illa, sequi: sic cupere usque sequi.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprize,
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear,
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Though but in whispers breathed, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost,
Though heaven and earth thy wishes cross'd:
Though she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou darest not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange thoughts and groundless fears:
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
O never dream again that thou hast loved.

If, when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Rapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love—for love is nourish'd so.

Est, in virgineis hærere ardenter ocellis;
  Pectora dum cohibet, ceu peritura, timor,
Ne qua forte procax vel ab imo corde susurrus
  Auriculas stringat, commaculetque genas.

Est, spe dimissa non desperare, resistant
  Si votis homines, si Deus ipse, tuis:
Illa licet Venerem superet, teque infimus Ægon,
  Ni te spes foveat—non tibi notus Amor.

Est, lacrymas inter gaudere et gaudia luctu
  Miscere; est, pacta contremere usque fide:
Namque licet casta sit castior illa Diana,
  Ni sic horrueris—non tibi notus Amor.

Dumque absit, ni percupias tecum esse, viasque
  Sæpius ambiguas incomitatus eas;
Nescio quid tenerum meditans et totus in illo,
  Quicquid id est, raptus—non tibi notus Amor.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which Love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthral,
Thou never yet his power hast known:
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Hither thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure:
We'll strive whose fancy shall be tost
In dreams of fondest passion most—
For if thou thus hast loved, oh never hope a cure!

Barbauld.

Little Jack Horner.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And cried, 'What a good boy am I!'

Gammer Gurton.

Sique tuum pectus contingat spesve metusve,
  Quæ tibi non dederit blandus et asper amor,
Hinc procul, erro levis! nondum urere—cuncta tyrannus
  Nam regit imperio, cum regit, iste fero.

Atqui si fueris, puer, ah! tam proditus, adsis;
  Ut, quid uterque gemat, discere uterque queat.
Quisquis enim quamcunque ita perdite amaveris, eheu!
  Invenies nullam, quæ tibi prosit, opem.

F. W.

Joannes Horner.

Angulus in camera, quam conspicis, ille tenebat
Jampridem Hornerum puerili ætate sedentem;
Atque ibi signarent cum Saturnalia brumam,
Ornarentque omnes bellaria mystica mensas,
Parvus Ioannes sacratum et dulce comedit
Artocreas, simplexque legens sibi pollice prunum,
Aiebat placide—'Puerorum en optimus adsum!'

F. H.

Versio Altera.

Horner Iacculo sedit in angulo
Vorans, ceu serias ageret ferias,
  Crustum dulce et amabile:
Inquit et unum extrahens prunum—
'Horner, quam fueris nobile pueris
  'Exemplar imitabile!'

H. D.

Sweet Echo.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O! if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Milton.

Dulcis Echo.

Nympha, quam leni refluentis amne
Ripa Mæandri tenet, ambiente
Aeris septam nebula, uvidique
        Marginis herba;
Sive te valles potius morantur
Roscidis pictæ violis, amorem
Qua suum noctu Philomela dulci
        Carmine luget;
Ecqua, Narcissi referens figuram,
Visa te fratrum species duorum
Movit? ah si qua, Dea, sub caverna
        Furta recondis,
Dic mihi qua nunc, male te secuti,
Florea tecum lateant in umbra,
Vocis argutæ domina et canori
        Filia cœli!
Sic et in sedem redeas paternam,
Et, chori dum tu strepitum noveni
Æmulans reddis, geminentur ipsis
        Gaudia Divis.

E. C. H.

Ἀχώ, κλῦθί μοι, Ἀχώ, *στροφή.*
νυμφαών ἀγανωτάτα,
κρυπτὸν ἀέριον σκάφος
ναίουσ', ἢ χλοερὰν πλάκα
Μαιάνδρου πάρ' ἀκύμονος,
βάσσας ἢ κάτ' ἰοδνεφεῖς,

Marmion.

O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Scott.

ὅπου θ' ἁ δύσερως πάννυχ'
ἀηδὼν μέλος οἰκτρὸν
καλῶς σοὶ καταθρηνεῖ.
λίσσομαι, ἁβράν μοι,
κούρα, φράζε συνώριδα,
ποῦ ναίει, μάλα τῷ σῷ ἀντιστρ.
Ναρκίσσῳ δέμας ἐμφερής·
εἰ δ' ἔκρυψας ἐν ἄνθεσι
σπηλαίου τινος, ἀλλά μοι
εἴποις ποῦ ποτε, φιλτάτα
φεῦ· δέσποιν', ὀάρου θεὰ,
πρόφρασσ', οὐρανόπαι. κεὶς πο-
λὸν οὕτω μεταναστᾶσ',
'Ολύμποιο μελάθρων
εὐκέλαδον πάσῃ
δοίης ἁρμονίᾳ χάριν.

L.

Marmio.

Femina, quæ, molles si quando carpimus horas,
Tristis es, et dubia concilianda vice;
Quæ levior zephyro, tremulaque incertior umbra,
Quam facit alternis populus alba comis—
Cum dolor atque supercilio gravis imminet angor,
Fungeris angelico sola ministerio.

H. J. T. D.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone;
The cheerful hearts now broken.
When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

Moore.

Baby Bunting.

Bye baby bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
Mother's gone a milking,
Sister's gone a silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap Baby Bunting in.

Gammer Gurton.

Ad Absentes Amicos.

Sæpe mihi, dum nox late silet, ante catena
  Quam domitos sensus vinxerit alma quies,
Præteritos reparat magica dulcedine soles
  Mnemosyne, cupida solicitata prece.
Omne redit quidquid ridere aut flere solebam,
  Quidquid et effari motus amore puer;
Qui nunc luce carent, oculi effulgere videntur;
  Quæ periere, novo corda lepore micant.
Ah! quoties animo veteres reminiscor amicos,
  Indelibata pectora juncta fide,
Quos ego, væ misero, vidi cecidisse superstes,
  Ut folia hiberno flamine rapta cadunt;
Deserta videor spatiari mœstus in aula,
  Quam nuper festi perstrepuere chori;
Qua lychni sine luce manent, sine odore corollæ;
  Et, de convivis tot modo, solus ego!

B. H. K.

Ad Infantem.

Venando pater est intentus; parve, quiesce:
  Mulgendo mater; parve, quiesce, puer.
Mercatum soror it bombycina syrmata: frater
  Vellus emit tenerum, quod tua membra tegat.

F. H.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right good willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Tempus Actum.

PRISCORUM immemores esse sodalium,
Lapsis ex animo quos adamavimus,
Priscorum immemores esse sodalium et
    Acti temporis—hoc decet?

Acti, care comes, temporis ob dies,
Acti, fide comes, temporis ob dies,
Spumantis pateram combibe Cæcubi,
    Acti temporis ob dies.

Flores in calathis nos amaranthinos
Una per juga quot devia legimus!
Sed lassos peregre traximus heu! pedes,
    Acti temporis a die.

Quin solem ad medium margine fontium
Certatim in vitreo flumine lusimus:
Ast inter fremuit nos patulum mare,
    Acti temporis a die.

Amplexum, comes o fide, morabimur
Dulcem—labra labris et manibus manum?
Depromptæ quis erit jam modus amphoræ,
    Acti temporis ob dies?

Potantes cyathi fœdere, mutuum
Sumemus dabimusque impavidi merum;
Cingemurque pia tempora pampino,
    Acti temporis ob dies.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Burns.

Four and Twenty Tailors.

Four and twenty tailors
Went to kill a snail;
The best man among them
Durst not touch its tail!
She put out her horns
Like a little dun cow;
Run, tailors, run,
Or she'll kill you all now!

Gammer Gurton.

The Kiss.

O Ladie faire,
When by that holie Boke I see thee sweare,
Thinketh mine hearte,
Oh what an ever blessed Page thou art!
Marrie, give me that kisse,
The drie regardlesse Prynte wotteth not what it is.

Suckling.

Acti, care comes, temporis ob dies,
Acti, fide comes, temporis ob dies,
Spumantis pateram combibe Cæcubi,
Acti temporis ob dies!

H. D.

Sex Quater Sartores.

Sex quater exibant sartores impete magno,
Viribus ut junctis limax spumosa periret:
Nec fuit e numero qui auderet tangere caudam!
Cornua nam extrudens sævissima, sicut in agris
Vacca rubens et nigra, croci contincta colore,
Illa suos hostes tremefecit—Abite fugaces
Sartores! vos dira manent dispendia vitæ,
Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem!

F. H.

Basium.

Cum labra imponens sacrum premis ore libellum,
Præstans juratam, pulcra Maria, fidem,
Quam vellem liber iste forem!—mihi basia serva;
Non capit illecebras arida charta tuas.

H. H.

Giles Collins and Proud Lady Anna.

Giles Collins he said to his old mother,
Mother, come bind up my head,
And send to the parson of our parish,
For to morrow I shall be dead, dead,
For to-morrow I shall be dead.

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
And stirred it round with a spoon;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 'twas noon, noon,
And died before 'twas noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
Mending her night-robe and coif;
She saw the very prettiest corpse,
She had seen in all her life, life,
She had seen in all her life.

What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
Upon your shoulders so high?
We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die, die.
Who for love of you did die.

Set him down! set him down! Lady Anna she cried,
On the grass that grows so green;
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
My body shall lie by his'n, by his'n,
My body shall lie by his'n.

Anna et Corydon.

'O GENETRIX!'—lecto Corydon sic orsus ab ægro—
  'O capiti, genetrix, indue vela meo;
'Proximus adveniat, pagi qui cura, sacerdos;
  'Cras ego deponar mortuus ante fores.'

De mensa cochleare capax rapit anxia mater,
  Farraque cum tepidis mollia miscet aquis:
Porrigit ille manum, medicataque pocula sumit,
  Et medium jacuit mortuus ante diem.

Nocturnam in patula vestem mitramque fenestra
  Assiduo reparans Anna suebat acu,
Quum videt, et stupuit!—neque enim formosius unquam
  Viderat Esquilios ire cadaver agros.

'Dicite, proceri O comites, quæ ducitis illic
  'Funera? quodve humeros desuper urget onus?'
'Ducimus ad tumulum Corydonis inania membra,
  'Quem desiderium vicit amorque tui!'

'Me miseram! precibus cur non ego busta piavi?
  'Ponite, in hac viridi ponite corpus humo.
'Ossibus ossa teram, thalamoque includar eodem;
  'Quartaque me puero cras dabit hora meo.'

Lady Anna was buried in the east,
  Giles Collins was buried in the west;
There grew a lily from Giles Collins
  That touched Lady Anna's breast, breast,
  That touched Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind
  And cut this lily in twain,
Which never there was seen before
  And it never will again, again,
  And it never will again.

Gammer Gurton.

Call me thine.

I asked my fair, one happy day,
'What I should call her in my lay,
  By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece—
Galatea, Celia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, or Doris,
  Dorimene or Lucrece?'

'Ah!' replied my gentle fair,
'Beloved, what are names but air?
  Choose thou whatever suits the line:
Call me Celia, call me Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, or Doris,
  Only, only, call me Thine.'

Coleridge.

Ergo oriens Phœbus tibi calfacit, Anna, sepulcrum;
  Ad decedentem sternitur ille Diem:
Sed leve liliolum, nascens Corydonis ab urna,
  In gremium dominæ dicitur isse suæ.

Venit ab hiberno furor illacrymabilis Euro,
  Et pia decidit basia lilioli;
Surrexit subito, subitoque evanuit, idem
  Hospes et infaustæ flosculus exul humi.

H. D.

ΠΟΛΥΩΝΥΜΙΗ.

Quonam nomine vellet illa, nostris
Ut sese canerem in modis, amicam
Rogavi—sit Amanda, sit Melissa,
Græco e fonte petita vel Latino,
Sit Chloris, Nea, Laura, Dorimene,
Seu quamcunque aliam magis probaret?

'Ah! quid me rogites?' reponit illa:
'Nil sunt nomina sola præter auram.
Si qua vox melior sonet canenti,
Hanc dicas, sit Amanda, sit Melissa,
Sit quæcunque alia aptior Camœnæ:
Sed tantum Tua nominer memento.'

F. W.

The Palace of Ice.

No forest fell
When thou would'st build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace poetry might place
The armoury of winter, where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there;
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed and of all hues
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new-risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.

Cowper.

Palatium Glaciale.

Non tibi, cum tantas auderes tollere moles,
Submisere trabes silvæ, non hausta metallis
Saxa nec effossæ crevere in mœnia quadræ :
Ecce, tibi vitrei riguerunt marmore fluctus !
Qualis Aristæum Cyrenæ regia matris
Cepit, apum strages infectaque mella querentem ;
Aut qualem sibi munit Hyems (ita fingere vates
Crediderim) diris ut servet in ædibus arma,
Si poscant sibi tela dari Ventique Nivesque,
Si jaculum glaciale pruiniferasque pharetras.
Surrexit tacite, ceu muta insomnia, moles ;
Non crepitus serræ, sonuit non verbere surdo
Malleus: ipsa super glacies illisa coactam
Firmavit glaciem, (quid enim cæmenta requirat
Molis opus liquidæ ?) numerosaque fluxit in unum ;
Lympharumque domus lympharum aspergine crevit.
Lampades introrsum multisque coloribus ignes
Fulgere ; transmissæ pallescere lucis imago :
Nempe aliam in terris credas consurgere lunam,
Delapsasque polo stellas atque uvida signa.

C. M.

Lady's Larceny.

While petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart?
You, fair one, will smile and cry, 'Laws, I defy you;'
Assured that no peers can be summon'd to try you!
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye,
For the Muses and Graces will just make a jury.

Anon.

Damon and Juliana.

Coughing in a shady grove
Sat my Juliana;
Lozenges I gave my love
Ipecacuanha:
From the box the imprudent maid
Three score of them did pick;
Then sighing tenderly, she said—
'My Damon, I am sick!'

Old Play.

To a Friend.

On parent knees a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Sir W. Jones.

Sic me servabit Apollo.

Dum lex crimina vindicat minora,
Raptorum haud tibi pœna tot procorum
(Desunt quippe pares) nocet. Triumphas;
Nec curare Deos Deasve credis,
Convectes licet usquequaque prædas!
Ah secura nimis puella pœnæ!
Musæ quippe novem, Gratiæque
Te tres—justa caterva—judicabunt.

F. W.

Thyrsis et Phyllis.

In nemore umbroso Phyllis mea forte sedebat,
Cui mollem exhausit tussis anhela sinum;
Nec mora, de loculo deprompsi pyxida lævo,
Ipecacuaneos exhibuique trochos.
Illa quidem imprudens medicatos leniter orbes
Absorpsit numero bisque quaterque decem;
Tum tenero ducens suspiria pectore, dixit—
'Thyrsi, mihi stomachum nausea tristis habet.'

S. B.

Ad Sextium.

Quum natalibus. O beate Sexti,
Tuis adfuimus caterva gaudens,
Vagitu resonis strepente cunis,
In risum domus omnis est soluta.
Talis vive precor, beate Sexti,
Ut circum lacrymantibus propinquis,
Cum mors immineat toro cubantis,
Solus non alio fruare risu.

H. J. T. D.

The Deserted Village.

How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot and cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook and busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And slights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove!
These were thy charms, sweet Village; sports like these
With sweet succession taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Goldsmith.

Villa Deserta.

Ah! quoties illo cessabam lentus in agro
  Miratus placidas culta per arva casas,
Et loca qua pistrina sequacibus adstrepit undis,
  Mundaque vicinis addita templa jugis,
Et frutices lætos, aptasque sedentibus umbras,
  Seu senium musset, sive susurret amor.
Ah! quoties grato venerabar pectore lucem,
  Cum misso exciperent pensa labore joci,
Multaque ruricolæ properarent agmina turbæ,
  Ducere sub patula fronde soluta choros.
Tum fuit umbrosa quantum certamen arena!
  Colludunt juvenes, aspiciuntque senes;
Innumerosque cient vexato in gramine ludos,
  Membrorum vegeta vi, celerique manu.
Displiceat toties eadem repetita voluptas?
  Inveniet ludos læta caterva novos.
Certatim innocuam qui produxere choream,
  Ut pedibus simplex gloria parta foret;
Rusticus inspersa fœdus fuligine vultum,
  Qui movet occultos nescius ipse jocos;
Virginis indictam prodentia lumina flammam,
  Quæque oculo mater vix prohibere velit—
Hos comites inter, sedes dilecta, laboris
  Dulcibus immisti lene placebat onus;
Hæc tibi tranquillam spirabant undique pacem;
  Hæc tibi—sed notos deseruere locos!

Robin and Richard.

Robin and Richard
  Were two pretty men:
They both lay in bed
  Till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin
  And looks at the sky;
Oh! brother Richard,
  The sun's very high!
You go before
  With your bottle and bag;
And I will come after
  On little jack nag.

Gammer Gurton.

Inscription on an antique ring.

I'll heare thy voice of melodie
  In whispers of the summerre air;
I'll see the brightnesse of thine eye
  In the blue eveninge's shininge starre;
In moonlighte beames thy puritie;
And look on heavenne, to look on thee!

Croly.

Geta et Doro.

GETA et Doro,
  Magnæ homines spei,
Jacebant in toro
  Ad quartam diei.
Tum exsiliens Geta,
  Viso æthere, 'Pol,'
Ait, 'frater, O frater,
  Nitet medius Sol!
I propera præ
  Cum sacculo et amphora,
Et mox sequar te
  Ego pone cum Samphora[1]'.

H. D.

Inscriptum in annulo antiquo.

VERNI canoris in Noti suspiriis
Cœleste vocis audiam melos tuæ;
Oculi videbo fulgidi purum jubar
Non infidelis Hesperi sub ignibus:
Formosa mentem Luna depinget tuam;
Teque intuebor, intuens cœli vias.

H. D.

[1] Οὐκ ἐλᾷς, ὦ Σαμφορᾶ; ARISTOPH. *Nub.*

Oh no we never mention her.

Oh no: we never mention Her!
  Her name is never heard:
My lips are now forbid to speak
  That once-familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me,
  To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
  They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
  The charms, that others see;
But, were I in a foreign land,
  They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true, that I behold no more
  The valley where we met;
The hawthorn-tree no more I see—
  But how can I forget?

They tell me, she is happy now,
  The gayest of the gay;
They say, that she forgets me—but
  I heed not what they say;
Like me, perhaps she struggles with
  Each feeling of regret:
But, if she loved as I have loved,
  She never can forget.

Haynes Bayley.

Ah ejus nunquam mentio.

Ah! Ejus nunquam mentio fit,
  De Illa siletur:
Nomen—tam notum olim—fari
  Haud mi conceditur.
Ad varios me lusus trahunt,
  Ne defleam sortem;
Et sicubi subrisero,
  Credunt immemorem.

Loco mutato ut gaudeam,
  Par ceteris, monent:
At, ut peregre absim, mei
  Mutatum nil cernent.
Convallem, qua convenimus,
  Frustra quidem quæro,
Fagumque:—at obliviscier
  Ah! quo queam modo?

Illam felicem prædicant,
  Immo hilarissimam;
Nostrique—at haud putavero—
  Affirmant oblitam.
Premit dolorem forsitan,
  Ut nos; amaverit
At ut nos, obliviscier
  Ah! nunquam poterit.

F. W.

Comus.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human as they stood:
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven
To help you find them.

Milton.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Τοιώδ' ἐσεῖδον, εὖτε νικηθεὶς πόνῳ
ζεύγλαισι χαλαραῖς ἦλθε βοῦς ἀπ' αὔλακος,
δειπνῶν καθῆτο δ' ἀγρότης ἔργῳ βαρύς.
τοιῶδ' ἐσεῖδον· ἀμπέλου δ' ὑπὸ σκιᾷ
χλωρᾶς, πλατείας, τοῦδ' ἐφερπούσης λόφου
εἰκῆ βραχεῖαν δειράδ', ὀρπήκων ἄπο
βότρυν πέπειρον εἷλον· ἑστῶτος δ' ἰδεῖν
ζεύγους ἐφαίνετ' οὐ κατ' ἄνθρωπον φύσις.
ὄναρ δ' ἔγωγε κοὐχ ὕπαρ νιν εἰσορᾶν
ἔδοξ', ἄγαλμα ποικίλειμον αἰθέρος,
ἔνναιον αἰόλαισιν Ἴριδος βαφαῖς,
νεφελῶν τε παῖζον ἐν πτυχαῖς πεπλεγμένων.
ἰδὼν δ' ἐθάμβουν· προσεκύνουν δὲ προσμολών.
εἰ δ' οὖν σὺ ταύτης, ἧς λέγω, ξυνωρίδος
ἥκεις κατὰ ζήτησιν, οὐρανοῦ τις ἦν
ὁδὸς, τὸ τούσδε κἀμὲ συζητεῖν ὁμοῦ.

C. J. V.

Death.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Shakspeare.

Nothing can come of nothing.

There was an old woman called 'Nothing-at-all,'
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

Gammer Gurton.

Memento mori.

Attamen hinc ruere, et cæcis incurrere fatis,
  Mors ubi mundanam clauserit ista diem:
Hoc calidum torpere, amittere sensile sensum;
  Nec vim materiæ nec superesse decus:
Divinam residere animam flammantibus undis,
  Ignea qua cruciat pestis, et atra sitis;
Aut arces inter septam mœrere nivales,
  Qua durata jacent arva perenne gelu;
Sive rapi ventis telluris mœnia circum,
  Vincula perpessam carceris aërii;
Agmina seu miserorum inter sine fine vagari,
  Per vacuas cœli jussa ululare vias:
Horribile est!—Salvete, humani vos mala mundi
  Pessima, pauperies, vincla, senecta, labor!
Morte procul, mortisque metu, vos pignora adeste,
  Vos comites vitæ, sit modo vita, meæ.

W. J. L.

Ex nihilo nil fit.

Quæ 'Nihili-omnino' gaudebat nomine, tectis
  Læta perexiguis se recreabat Anus:
Stabat hiulca Gigas expandens ora, domumque
  Ah! simul et miseram contumulabat Anum.

F. H.

Caroline.

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
  I'll teach my grotto green to be,
And sing my true love all below
  The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
  The sweet South Wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
  Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clust'ring bower,
  Thou Spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
  And mountain heath and moory thyme :

With all thy rural echoes come,
  Sweet comrade of the rosy Day ;
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
  And cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played
  Whatever isles of Ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
  Thou wandering wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
  Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
  Of beauty's fairest brightest mould ;

Carolina.

Fragrare in pratis hyacinthina serta jubebo;
Instituam quernis antra virere comis:
Quaque tumens certat cum sacra laurea myrto,
Qua peream flamma, motus amore, canam.

Illic delicias silvarum et frigora carpens
Felicem Zephyrus pervolitabit humum;
Cujus in amplexu et sub dulce sonantibus alis
Secessus læti pensilis umbra tremet.

Ad mea saxa veni et crinitum frondibus antrum,
Spiritus, Idaliis almior orte rosis;
Ferque simul floresque novos et roscida mella,
Et cum monticola ture palustre thymum.

Concentu nemorum pleno campique susurris
Adsis, O roseum concomitate diem;
Ad mea saxa veni, mœsta cum voce cuculli,
Prodat et agrestem quod leve murmur apem.

Qua matutino spirasti cunque volatu;
Quascunque Oceani luseris inter aquas;
Nunc mecum intexta requiescas floribus umbra,
Immemor Elysii, mobilis Aura, tui.

Quippe ego crediderim fusos te nectare fontes,
Et magici lucos deseruisse soli;
Puræ ubi sunt animæ, et Veneris pulcerrima proles,
Et cum cœlicolis sabbata condit Amor.

From some green Eden of the deep,
  Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
  Endeared, undoubting, undeceived ;

From some sweet Paradise afar
  Thy music wanders, distant, lost ;
Where Nature lights her leading star,
  And love is never, never crossed.

Oh ! gentle gale of Eden bowers,
  If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
  In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
  That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than Cherub loves,
  And let that name be Caroline !

Campbell.

The Travelled Puss.

'Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?'
'I've been to London to see the Queen.'
'Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?'
'I frightened a little mouse under the chair.'

Gammer Gurton.

Est, ubi forte trahit suspiria sola Voluptas,
  Insula cœruleo semisepulta mari;
Qua læti nimium fletu solvuntur amantes,
  Nuptaque vult caro carior esse viro;

Quidam est longinqua dulcis Paradisus in ora,
  Unde tuum labens exulat orbe melos;
Qua parte accendit formosos Hesperus ignes,
  Pressaque sunt fidis oscula inulta genis.

Hospes ab Idaliis, Zephyre O suavissime, lucis,
  Si forte ad patriam sis rediturus humum,
Lascive cupiens cum resplendentibus Horis
  Ludere Naturæ prosperiore domo;

Bis terque Elysios doceas resonare recessus,
  Antraque cœlestis religiosa chori,
Nomen inornatæ, Superum quæ vincat amores,
  Virginis—inque illo sit Carolina sono.

H. D.

Felis Peregrinabunda.

'Dic ubi terrarum, dulcissima Felis, abires?'
'Augustæ in plateas, Reginam ut cernere possem.'
'Et quid in Augusta tibi contigit, optima Felis?'
'Attonitum feci murem sub sede latentem.'

F. H.

Tom Bowling.

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
 His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly
 Full many a time and oft;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet may poor Tom find pleasant weather
 When he, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands!
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul has gone aloft.

Dibdin.

Amyclas.

En! jacet ad cautes, sine fune phaselus, Amyclas,
  Deliciæ gregis ille marini:
Audiet haud iterum resonas super alta procellas,
  Cui dominans Mors carbasa legit.
Nobilis huic aderat species, et mascula forma,
  Et probitas, et pectus amicum;
Inter transtra fide insignis patiensque laborum,
  Nunc abiit trans culmina mali.

Huic stetit ingenium miris virtutibus auctum,
  Promissique tenax et honesti;
Carus ut ingenuis ubicunque sodalibus esset,
  Carior et dulci Galateæ.
Carmina sæpe etiam festiva voce canebat,
  Felicissimus inter nautas:
Sed læti in tacitum risus vertere dolorem;
  Ille abiit trans culmina mali.

At tibi non gravior consurgat ventus, Amycla,
  Cum Dominus terræque marisque
Ære ciens nautas omnes compellet in unum,
  Qui verrunt tumidæ freta vitæ.
Sic, quæ finis adest nautis et regibus æque,
  Mors frustra abripuit tibi lucem;
Nam subjecta foris quamvis tibi membra rigescant,
  Spiritus it trans culmina mali.

H. J. H.

Saul.

'Thou, whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.'
'Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer.'

Earth yawned: he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue retiring from his shroud:
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hands were withered and his veins were dry:
His foot in boney whiteness glittered there,
Shrunken and sinewless and ghastly bare:
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like caverned winds the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak
At once, and blasted by the thunder stroke.

'Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O King?—Behold
Bloodless are these limbs and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow when with me.
Ere the coming day is done
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well! but for a day;
Then we mix our mouldering clay.

Saulus.

'Quæ potes obscœna voce excantare sepultos,
Forma Sacerdotis, te duce, surgat humo!'
'Adsis ex Acheronte tuo mihi jusse, Samuel!
Ecce! Sacerdotis, Rex, tibi forma venit.'

Prodiit e tumulo cinctus caligine Vates,
Pallet ab inferna veste repulsa dies;
Lumina funereum testantur fixa soporem,
Vena suo vacua est sanguine, dextra riget.
Candidus, et qualis solet esse silentibus umbris,
Pes leviter nudo concutit osse solum:
Immoto tum verba labro, exanimique figura,
Ceu cava de scopulis flamina, rauca sonant.
Vidit, et in medio procumbit pulvere Saulus:
Non quercus citior fulmine tacta ruit.

'Cur vocor in lucem? placidam quis suscitat umbram?
Quis capiti requiem non sinit esse meo?
Regi igitur, Saulo trahor obvius? Ecce, cadaver!
Exsangues digitos et gelida ossa vide!
Hæc mea sunt; et tu, quum crastina fulserit Eos,
Mecum deposito corpore talis eris.
Imo, ante æthereum quam sol compleverit orbem,
Talis erit natus, talis et ipse pater.
Saule, brevi valeas! paucis labentibus horis,
Mistus erit noster tempus in omne cinis:

Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless, fall
Son and Sire, the house of Saul!'

Byron.

Ba! Ba!

'Ba! ba! black Sheep,
Have you any wool?'—
'Yes, master, that we have,
Two bags full:
One for our master,
And one for our dame,
But none for the naughty boy
That lives in the lane.'

Gammer Gurton.

Lough Nea.

On Lough Nea's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining:

Thus will Memory often in dreams sublime
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of Time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.

Moore.

Vulnera mille ferens cæsa cum prole jacebis;
  Fusa cruentato pallida forma solo:
Hostibus ante minax, domino nunc letifer ensis,
  Actus erit dextra per tua corda tua:
Omne pari cadet exitio; sceptrumque decusque;
  Et sua cum Sauli corpore tota domus.

W. G. H.

Pravis pueris quod accidit.

'Bis salveto, ovium phalanx nigrorum!
Lanam, delicias meas, habetis?'
'O quidni duo sacculos habemus?
En, unum dominæ, alterum magistro!
Sed pravus puer est in angiportu,
Et pravis pueris nihil feremus.'

H. D.

In Lacu Hibernico.

Margine sæpe lacus errans piscator Iernes,
  Vesper ut in vitreis lucidus alget aquis,
Despicit inferius positas sub marmore turres,
  Queis notat antiquum forma rotunda decus.

Non aliter revocans sublimia somnia vidit
  Mnemosyne lapsos rursus adesse dies;
Mœstaque per longas meditatur Temporis undas
  Pallida jam veterum magna tropæa ducum.

F. H.

The Secret.

Here Chloe, dear Chloe, I'll tell you some news;
I've just learnt it myself, and I cannot refuse;
It's odd and its awkward to tell—shut the door,
Lest some listening rascal my secret explore.
We're alone—I can't tell it—yet, somehow I feel
It is equally stubborn and hard to conceal;
There's nothing in silence, so let the word pass,
I but knew it this morning—*I love thee, my lass!*

Betterton.

The Battle of Gladsmuir.

The Battle of Gladsmuir, it was a noble stour,
  And weel do we know that our young prince won:
The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw our tartan plaids,
  Wheeled round to the right and away they run!

For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,
  Took horse for his life and left his men;
In their arms he put nae trust, for he kenned it wa' just,
  That the king should enjoy his ain agen.

Jacobite Song.

Composito rumpit vocem et se destinat aræ.

Δεῦρο μοι ἐλθὲ, Χλόη· μαλὰ γὰρ λόγον ἄρτι διδαχθὴν
  Δύσκολον ἀῤῥητόν τ'—ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἐξερέω.
Τήνδε θύραν μοι κλεῖσον· ἰδοῦσ' ἅμα, μή τις ἀλιτρὸς
  Κρυπταδίῃ παρίων, ὅττι πέρ ἐστι, μαθῇ.
Πῶς εἴπω; χαλεπὸν τὸ λέγειν, χαλεπόν τε τὸ σιγᾷν·
  Ἀλλ' ἐν τῷ σιγᾷν οὐδέν—ἐρῶ σε, Χλόη.

H. D.

In Monte Gladi.

Quam pulcris in monte Gladi certavimus armis!
  Non pugnam vicit Carolus ancipitem:
Campestres pueri, quum jam saga picta notassent,
  Dextrorsum attoniti corripuere fugam.

Copus enim super arva, illis inglorius, exspes,
  Anteferens vitam, præpete currit equo;
Nil gladiis fisus, qui scibat jure potiri
  Regem iterum sceptris imperioque suo.

A. B. H.

Samson Agonistes.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body, where it lies
Soaked in his enemies' blood; and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house. There will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm
With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled
In copious legend or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breast
To matchless valour and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Milton.

Samson Agonistes.

Talia nec lacrymas moveant, neque pectoris ægrum
Cum gemitu planctum: neque turpe aut debile quicquam
Aut miserum video; sed pulchræ gloria mortis,
Sed decus, et nostri superant solatia luctus.
Quin agimus: vos fœdum hostili cæde cadaver
Quærite, concretumque herbis purisque cruorem
Fontibus abluite. Interea mihi cura propinquos
Conglomerare meos, (neque enim jam Gaza volentes
Impedit,) et pleno comitantes agmine amicos;
Qui patrias illum, deflendum funus, ad aulas
Solennis referant per justa silentia pompæ.
Mox etiam lauro cingam monumenta perenni
Hac exstructa manu, patulaque tropæa sub umbra
Pendebunt platani, quæcunque a Marte triumphans
Abstulit; inscriptasque viri longo ordine dotes,
Vel lyrici mira ponam dulcedine cantus.
Hæc celebrent olim fortis monumenta juventus,
Accendentque animos, ut tanta exempla colentes
Protinus intrepidi sanctæ fastigia famæ
Affectent virtute nova; festisque diebus
Florea virgineæ fundent ibi serta catervæ,
Lævaque plorabunt hymenæi fata catenas
Artubus immisisse graves, oculisque tenebras.

L.

Athenæi Fragmentum in palimpsesto bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ ab Angelo Maio inventum, antehac vero non editum.

—περὶ δὲ τῶν κοσσύφων, ὡς ἐκ κριβάνου τοῖς δειπνοῦσι παρατεθέντες ᾄδουσι, περὶ δέ ὀρνιθίων τινων, ὡς τῶν παιδισκῶν τὰς ῥῖνας καταπτάμενα ἁρπάζει, τῶν κωμικῶν τις οὕτως γράφει·

—ἀλλὰ νῦν ὑπᾴδετ᾽, ἄνδρες, ‘ᾆσμα τοῦ τετρωβόλου·’
βασιλικῷ τις ἦν ἐν οἴκῳ θύλακος ζειῶν πλέως·
κόσσυφοι δε κριβανῖται τετράκις ἓξ ἐν πέμματι·
τοῦ δὲ πέμματος κοπέντος, ηὐστόμησαν τὤρνεα·
οὐ τόδ᾽ ἦν ἔδεσμα δείπνοις καὶ τυραννικοῖς πρέπον;
ἐν μυχῷ δόμων ὁ βασιλεὺς τἀργύρι᾽ ἐλογίζετο,
ἀναβάδην δ᾽ ἔτρωγε χώρις πυρνὸν ἄρτον καὶ μέλι
ἡ βασιλίς· ἡ παῖς δ᾽ ἀν᾽ αὐλὴν βύσσιν᾽ ἐξήρτα λίνου
νηπία· κάτω γὰρ ἦλθεν ἀπὸ τέγους ὀρνίθιον
τήν τε ῥῖνα τῆς ταλαίνης ᾤχετ᾽ ἐν ῥύγχει φέρον.

E. C. H.

A Song of Sixpence.

SING a song of sixpence,
  A pocket full of rye:
Four and twenty blackbirds
  Baked in a pie:
When the pie was opened
  The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
  To set before the King?

The King was in the parlour
  Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the chamber
  Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
  Hanging out the clothes:
Down came a little bird
  And carried off her nose.

G. G.

Carmen Denarium.

INCIPE cui titulo 'Denarius,' incipe cantum!
  Huic tumido loculo massa secalis inest:
Sex quater in patina merularum corpora, crustum
  Queis superimpositum pista farina fuit,
Procubuere simul: sed quando adaperta farina est,
  Concordes merulis insonuere modi:
Mirum opus harmoniæ!—nonne inter fercula posset
  Hæc vel regificæ lanx placuisse gulæ?

Rex erat in camera, numerans sibi pondera nummi,
  Pondera plebeio non numeranda viro:

The Gods of Epicurus.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish, and they suffer—some 'tis whispered—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Tennyson.

Regina in pingui comedebat liba culina
  Mellea, plebeia non comedenda nuru.
Ad solem vestes siccans Ancilla per hortum
  Pensile in extento fune novabat opus;
Quum merula in nasum descendere visa puellæ,
  Fœdaque de teneris vellere furta genis.

F. H.

Deos didici securum agere ævum.

Di suum nectar bibentes abdito jacent jugo:
Stringit inferiora fulgur, lambit aureas domos
Nube prævelatus æther, orbe cinctas lucido:
Quæque subter monstra cernunt, illa rident clanculum;
Vim maris, telluris haustus, ignem, et aeris luem,
Arma, cædes, furta, raptus, ora comprecantium.
At juvat risisse, diri carminis dulcedine,
Irritum sublime murmur, veteris ambagem mali,
Maximæ vocis querelam, paulum habentem ponderis:
Quippe læsi cantilenam generis, operum providi,
Dudum arantis, proserentis, congerentis undique
Quantulam stipem quotannis vini, olivi, tritici:
Occupet dum Mors, et hos, sic fama, pœnarum sator
Tartarus per sæcla vexet; his in Elysio cavo
Membra declinare fessa præstet Asphodeli torus.

C. M.

Progress of Poesy.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports and blue-eyed Pleasures.
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay:
With arms sublime that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Gray.

Ad Poesin.

Te vox, te sequitur chorus,
Si quando liquidum protuleris melos.
Et quum Diva potens Cypri
Natalem Idaliæ concelebrat diem,
Tum vittis roseis Amor,
Exultatque levis turba Cupidinum,
Ludis juncta decentibus:
Tum nudo viridem pulsat humum pede
Audax Lætitiæ cohors:
Incedunt, celeres mox revocant gradus,
Turmæve orbibus invicem
Occurrunt, hilares dum resonant modi,
Concordesve pedes micant.
Adventum Veneris carmine languido
Lenti significant soni;
En! quacunque jacit lumina, Gratiæ
Reginam obsequio colunt.
Sublatis manibus Diva per æthera
Molli tendit iter via;
Pulcher purpuream vibrat Amor facem,
Læti et flamma Cupidinis
Matris per gremium spargitur et genas.

J. W. D

Their Groves o' sweet Myrtle.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cold Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave.

The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains—
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

Burns.

Barnaby Bright.

BARNABY BRIGHT he was a sharp cur;
He would make a great noise if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old and can no longer bark,
He's condemned by the parson to be hung by the clerk.

Gammer Gurton.

Ad Joannam.

Suavia laudabunt alii myrteta coloni,
Qua nitidis ridet solibus auctus odor:
Carior illa mihi filicum viret avia vallis,
Celat ubi rivi flava genista fugam.

Carior illa humilis frondet mihi silva genistæ,
Quas bellis latebras, quas hyacinthus amat;
Inter enim flores illos, ubi vernat acanthis,
Sæpe levem celerat nostra Joanna pedem.

Rideat æstivis peregrina in vallibus aura;
Scotia ventoso frigore verrat aquas;
Silva quid est, celsas redolens quæ suspicit ædes?—
Mœsta domus servi, mœsta ferocis heri.

Aurifluos Scotus fontes et odora vireta,
Serviles, spectat fortis et odit, opes;
It vagus, it liber, patrio cum flamine—vinclis
Solus Amor gratis, sola Joanna tenet.

B. H. K.

Barnabæocandidus.

Barnabæocandidus Molossus acer erat,
Latrabat ille fortiter, si mus se commoveret:
Nequit senex nunc latrare, et canicida Pontifex
Damnavit illum laqueo, et Clericus est carnifex.

H. D.

Peace.

I have found Peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky;
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love;
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove:

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought,
In calm half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self taught.

But seldom have I found such Peace,
As in the soul's deep joy
Of passing onward, free from harm,
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high:
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy.

Alford.

The Grenadier.

Who comes here?—A grenadier.
What d'ye want?—A pot of beer.
Where's your money?—I forgot.
Get you gone, you drunken sot!

Gammer Gurton.

Pax.

Pax mihi est rident ubi læta rura:
Est mihi claro radiante cœlo,
Qua mare æstivum silet, et levis qua
Murmurat amnis.

Est in annosa sine fronde silva;
Est ubi incerto focus igne lucet
Vesperi; est inter placidam loquelam
Vocis amatæ:

Aut ubi soli tacitoque rerum
Ante gestarum facies recursat;
Sive venturæ vigilantis inter
Somnia surgunt.

Omnium vero mihi Pax adesto
Illa, quæ dulcem decorat laborem,
Jussa fungenti vitio carentis
Munera vitæ.

Quid cupis gemmas? quid avarus et spe
Fessus insana nimis alta quæris?
Carpe contentus facili rubentes
Tramite flores.

W. J. L.

Militi procero quod accidit.

Quisnam est qui venit hic?—Miles procerus et audax.
Quidnam est quod poscis?—Da liquidam Cererem.
Ast ubi sunt nummi?—Sum nummi oblitus et expers.
Furcifer, ad corvos, ebrie, pote, tuos!

H. D.

The Meeting of the Ships.

When o'er the silent seas alone
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh those who've felt it, know how sweet
Some sunny morn a sail to meet!
Sparkling at once is every eye,
'Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!' our joyful cry;
And answering back the sounds we hear,
'Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer, what cheer?'
Then sails are backed, we nearer come;
Kind words are said of friends and home—
Till soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

Moore.

Mistress Mary.

Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
  How does your garden grow?
With silver bells
And cockle shells
  And hyacinths all of a row.

Gammer Gurton.

Navium Occursus.

Cum soli in tacito per tempora longa profundo
  Ivimus æquorea nocte dieque via,
O bene, queis licuit, nota est animosa voluptas
  Mane sub æstivo cernere adesse ratem!
Scintillant oculis orientia gaudia; voces
  Lætificæ resonant, 'Huc age, cymba, veni!'
'Huc age, cymba, veni!' a lætis iteratur amicis:
  'Anne vales?'—aliis partibus, 'anne vales?'
Carbasa se retrahunt, propiores ducimur ambæ;
  Dulcia de cara dicta repente domo;
Tum citius, citius divellimur, ut mare rursus
  Per solum et tacitum triste sequamur iter.

F. H.

Domina Maria.

O mea Maria,
Tota contraria,
  Quid tibi crescit in horto?
Testæ et crotali
Sunt mihi flosculi,
  Cum hyacinthino serto.

H. D.

The Drama of Life.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice

Fabula Vitæ.

Quo partes agimus, terra est commune theatrum,
Scenaque factorum: instabiles eximus, inimus,
Fabulaque in septem vitæ producitur actus.
Principio in cunis vagit sine viribus infans,
Nutricisque sinu vomit et lallare recusat.
Inde puer querulus doctæ delubra Minervæ
Suspensus dextra loculos, et lucidus ora,
Incessu tardo adrepit: tum tristis amator
Fornacis ritu fervet, caræque puellæ
Molle supercilium lugubri carmine laudat.
Hinc bellator atrox, in jurgia promptus et audax,
Jurans per loca mira, feræ barbatus ad instar,
Vanum et inane decus vel in ipso limine mortis
Quærit ovans, vitamque cupit pro laude pacisci!
Proximus in scenam judex venit. Ille rotundo
Ventre capit pullam, lautæque opsonia mensæ,
Contractos torquens oculos, barbaque timendus;
Verbaque docta loqui solet, et nova promere facta;
Et sibi sic proprias partes agit. Inde senecta
Vaccillans curva titubat, macilentus homullus,
Laxa podagrosæ supponens tegmina plantæ;
Cui pera ad latus est, et vitrea lumina nasum;
Cui, bene servatus, jam major crure cothurnus.

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakespeare.

Daughter of Locrine.

Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss,
From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud:
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Milton.

Tum lingua infringi, vox delirare virilis,
Et fundi infantes balba de nare susurri.
Ocius inde ætas succedit septima—finis
Portenti, extremus vitai mobilis actus:
Claudicat ingenium, rediere oblivia rerum;
Gustus hebet, pereunt dentes, caligat ocellus;
Omnia deficiunt atque uno tempore desunt.

B. H. D.

Nata Locrini.

Virgo magni nata Locrini,
Anchisiadum sanguis avorum,
Sic tibi nunquam largus aquarum
Careat plenis fontibus amnis;
Sed desiliant montanarum
Mille canales dites nivium.
Tibi nec diri Sirius astri
Crinem attenuet, tostus et aer;
Nec crystalli puros calices
Inquinet atris October aquis.
Sed beryllon, sed tuus aurum
Mollem fluctus volvat ad oram;
Sed tibi frontem turris et agger
Læta semper mole coronent,
Ripæque oleant mixta virenti
Cinnama myrrha.

C. M.

The City Shower.

Careful observers may foretell the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage;
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean;

Imber Urbanus.

Si bene quis varii cognoverit omina cœli,
  Non temere huic subitis obfuit imber aquis.
Scilicet in terras ubi sit ruitura procella,
  Undique dant certas plurima signa notas.
Desinit assuetos venturi præscia ludos,
  Nec sequitur caudam felis, ut ante, suam:
Putrida corruptos sentina emittit odores,
  Cum propriam repetis, nocte ineunte, domum.
Si sapias, hodie sit cura domestica cœna;
  Mensa nec alterius suadeat ire foras;
Quippe gravis sumptus conductæ, crede, quadrigæ
  Pluris constabit quam tua cœna domi.
Sæva dabunt importuni præsagia calli,
  Et novus a fractis dentibus angor erit.
Oscitat inque uncta discinctus Natta popina
  Multa piger de se, de Jove multa dolet.
Interea madidas Auster quatit humidus alas,
  Et tristem nubes occupat atra polum,
Quæ nimio proluta haustu, velut ebrius olim,
  Indelibatas evomit ore dapes.
Suspensas Susanna rapit de cannabe vestes,
  Fertur ut obliqua prima procella via.
Sic tortis agitur de scopis fœtidus imber,
  Præter inexpertas te properante fores:

You fly, invoke the gods; then turning stop
To rail; she singing still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life.
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town:
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up semstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed:
Triumphant tories and desponding whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odour seem to tell
What street they sailed from, by their sight and smell.

Testaris Superos; fugis; ancillæque minaris;
Illa canit; gravior fit quoque gyrus aquæ.
Ingruit interea cum multo pulvere nimbus,
Et movet alternas sævus uterque vices.
Densior at cœlo cum tandem decidit imber,
Guttaque jam guttam continuata premit,
Femina per madidos festinat plurima vicos;
Admissas alias prompta taberna capit.
Quælibet expositas miratur Delia merces;
Et nihil empturæ cuncta licentur anus.
Comptus inurbanum metitur Pollio cœlum,
De conducendis ceu dubitaret equis:
Non lentis pedibus Phyale succincta laborat;
In latus umbellæ flumina mille furunt.
Hic varie ductos, variis qui partibus adstant,
Hospita colloquio congregat umbra pari;
Quique habet imperium regni, quique ardet habere;
Regnorum immemores dum loca sicca petunt.
Parte alia juvenis lectica vectus operta,
Ut sedet, effusas in caput horret aquas:
En! corium stridet, pluvias quod desuper arcet;
Horrendus sonor est—intus et ille tremit.
Omnibus interea in plateis tumuere canales,
Fertque simul prædam quæque cloaca suam;

They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St Pulcre's shape their course:
And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats and turnip tops come tumbling down the flood.

Swift.

To a Lady.

Too late I stayed, forgive the crime;
  Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
  That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
  The ebbing of the glass,
When all the sands are diamond sparks,
  That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
  Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
  Their plumage to his wings?

W. Spenser.

Utque ruunt luteum per vicum impulsa tropæa,
  Ipsa notant a queis partibus urbis eant.
Per Fora, per totum violens fluit unda macellum;
  Immensos aperit longa Suburra sinus;
Hic varia effœti rapiuntur pignora vici,
  Ilia percussi mixta cruore bovis,
Piscesque, immundique canes, felesque, fimusque,
  Stercus odoriferæ colluviesque viæ.
Sed mihi nec spatium est nec mens, ut singula narrem—
  Cuncta simul tumidis rapta feruntur aquis.

J. H.

Ad Lydiam.

Non bene cunctabar; sed culpam ignosce fatenti;
  Oblitus horarum fui:
Quam tacito incedit Tempus pede, nil nisi molles
  Cum calce flores proterit!

Quis, sensim ut refluunt, ita grana fidelis ocellus
  In vitreo notat globo,
Si gemmis splendet simul omnis arena minutis,
  Nitore quæ fallunt suo?

Quis facilem certa metitur lege volatum
  Inter serena Temporis,
Cum Paradisiacæ plumæ suffuderit alis
  Tempus colores aureos?

H. D.

Queen Mab.

Come follow, follow me,
You Faery elves that be,
Which circle on the green,
Come follow Mab your queen:
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is Faery ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through keyholes we do glide;
Over tables stools and shelves
We trip it with our Faery elves.

Upon a mushroom bed
Our table cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed:
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

Mabella Regina.

Eia! omnes celeri gradu sequentes,
Vos, quotquot Dryadum minutiorum
Circum gramineum perambulatis,
Reginam comitate vos Mabellam:
Conjunctis manibus, choro rotundo,
Sacrata saliamus hac in umbra.

Quum mortale genus, sopore victum,
Stertit pacifico toro recumbens,
Nos clavis cavitatem inire doctæ,
Quas non audiet aut videbit ullus,
Per mensas, abacos, scabella, turmæ
Saltamus Dryadum minutiorum.

Boleti caput en! torale nostrum
Apte sustinuit; levemque panem
Dat granum Cereris, levemque potum
Roris gutta, micans ut alba gemma,
In glandis cyatho satis capaci.

Quantum in luscinia latet cerebri,
Et testudinum adeps inunctiorum,
Cum binis cochleis perinde coctus,
Non est difficilis cibus molari:
Caudæ vermibus et medulla muri
Componunt epulas perelegantes.

The grasshopper gnat and fly
Serve for our minstrelsy.
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Oft in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

Percy's Reliques.

Bibo.

When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He turned in the boat and to Charon he said—
'I will be rowed back, for I am not yet dead.'
'Trim the boat and sit quiet', stern Charon replied,
'You may have forgot you were drunk when you died.'

Prior.

Cicadæ culices simulque muscæ
Nobis harmoniam suam ministrant;
Atque actis ibi gratiis parumper
Saltamus, properantius fugantes
Noctem præcipitem: latente luna,
Lampyris radios dat alma nobis,
Et nos ad requiem domum reducit.

Herbæ vertice roscido nitentis
Tam molli pede præterimus omnes,
Ut caulis tener et recenter ortus
Non se deprimat, ambulante nostro
Conventu super: at, rubente cœlo
Auroræ radiis, videre possis,
Qua nos nocte priore luserimus.

F. H.

Bibo.

Cum Bibo de terris tandem dignatus abire est,
  Spumantis Bacchi plenus, ut ova cibi;
Exsilit in cymba tristemque Charonta moratur—
  'Remum inhibe; non sum mortuus, ire nego.'
'Heus! cave, cymbam agitas'—cui portitor—'O bone, nescis
  Multo prolutum te periisse mero?'

B.

Arethusa.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sun-rise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the curve of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below,
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep,
Beneath the Ortygian shore;
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
When they love but live no more.

Shelley.

The Clown's Reply.

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason, why Asses had ears:
'An't please you', quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved, without thinking of Asses.'

Goldsmith.

Arethusa.

GRATA jacet vallis sub amœnæ montibus Ennæ,
  Pandit ad Eoum quæ sua rura jubar;
Hanc Arethusa colit; colit amnis amator eandem;
  Labitur undarum læta labore dies:
Dulce sodalitium—rediit mens una duobus;
  Lis, modo quæ rupit, firmat amicitiam.
Cautibus exsiliunt montano mane cubili;
  Inde terunt varias prona fluenta vias;
Pascua maturo quærunt viridantia Phœbo,
  Asphodelique novis roribus herba tumet.
Undosi demum delapsos in maris æstum
  Serior Ortygio contegit umbra sinu.
Tales sidereis animæ lætantur in arvis,
  Queis, simul effluxit vita, relucet amor.

W. J. L.

Catus quantumvis rusticus.

'NOVISTINE,' duo proceres dixere faceti,
  'Auriculis cur gaudet Asellus,
Optime Trottorum?'—'Sum plane indoctior', ille;
  'Nec vobis plus scire decorum est:
'At mihi Asellorum, cum vos vidisse, Magistri,
  'Contigerit, referetur imago'.

H. D.

The Reformation of the Knave of Hearts.

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts
  All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts
  And took them quite away.
The King of Hearts,
He missed those tarts,
  And beat the knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back those tarts,
  And vowed he'd steal no more.

Canning.

Poor Lubin.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
  His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
  They both express their care.

'A different cause,' says Doctor Sly,
  'The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he may die,—
  His wife that he may live.'

Prior.

Formidine fustis
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redactus.

Cordium Regina fecit
Quam suavissimas placentas
Die diligens æstivo.
Cordium Fur ille primus,
Princeps idem primo natus,
Furabatur has placentas,
Penitusque subtrahebat.
Cordium Rex iracundus
Novit perditas placentas,
Acriterque verberavit
Furem simul filiumque.
Redditque Fur placentas,
Princeps idem primo natus,
Cordium Fur ille primus,
Neque rursum spoliavit.

F. H.

Lubinus Moriens.

Sub exitu Lubinus in toro jacet;
Desperat uxor interim;
Suspiriisque, lacrymisque mutuis,
Ambo dolores exprimunt.

'Diversa causa gignit effectus pares,'
Mussat Sacerdos callidus;
'Mortis metu Lubinus anxius gemit—
Ne vivat uxor anxia est.'

B.

Oenone.

O Mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain-pine;
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat, white-horned, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.
O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent called me from the cleft;
Far-up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved: a leopard skin
Drooped from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a God's:
And his cheek brightened as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm,
Disclos'd a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I looked
And listened, the full-flowing river of speech

Oenone.

ME miseram exaudi scatebroso a culmine mater!
Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
  Suspiciens montes incerta luce rubentes,
Et gelido pinus suffusas rore, sedebam;
Cum Paris, heu! nimium pulchri sub tegmine vultus
Turpia corda fovens, albis et cornibus hircum
Insignem pedibusque adducens, cætera nigrum,
Solus arundinea venit Simoentis ab unda.
  Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
At me præcipites procul e convallibus undæ
Visæ compellare: procul, super invia montis,
Incedens tacito signabat culmina gressu
Et puras Aurora nives. Ego sola sedebam
Triste tuens: illum mox albo pectore, ut atras
Stella fugat penetrans adversa fronte tenebras,
Vidi affulgentem. Lateris gestamina pulchri
Exuviæ pardi pendebant, diaque flavis
Fluctibus undantes velabant tempora crines,
Splendebantque genæ, qualis, cum ventus aquosam
Fert agitans spumam, nitet arcus in ætheris auras.
Illum amplexa oculis, totoque e corde vocavi.
  Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Continuo flavum, quod lactea dextra tenebat,
Ostendit malum, Hesperioque insignius auro,
Purique ambrosios exspirans roris odores,
Risitque alludens. Arrecta mente manebam;

Came down upon my heart. 'My own Œnone,
Beautiful brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingraven
'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'
  Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Here comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

Tennyson.

Humpty Dumpty.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
Not all the King's horses, nor all the Queen's men,
Could put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again.

Gammer Gurton.

Protinus e suavi manantia verba labello
Cor pepulere meum. ‘Speciosam candida frontem,
Œnone, mea vita, hujusne in cortice pomi
Inscriptum ‘Capiat quæ sit pulcherrima,’ cernis?
O quæ nec faciles motus, neque frontis amœnam
Juncturam, Phrygiæ decedis Oreasin Idæ,
Nonne tibi meritam liceat captare coronam?’
  Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Labris labra meis, roseum referentia florem,
Admovit, dixitque: ‘Vides, quod fertur amaras,
Dis amplo aspectu Pelei celebrantibus aulam,
Appositum rixas genuisse. Hoc nuntia malum
Detulit en! Iris celeri velocior aura,
Et mihi permissum communi fœdere palmæ
Tradidit arbitrium. Quin mox cum Pallade et Hera
Concurrens aderit magna ad certamina formæ
Cypri Diva potens. Tu, qua longæva susurrant
Pineta, antrorum videas celata latebris
Me Paridem tantas Superûm componere lites.’

L.

Humtius Dumtius.

HUMTIUS in muro requievit Dumtius alto;
  Humtius e muro Dumtius heu! cecidit:
Sed non Regis equi, Reginæ exercitus omnis,
  Humti, te, Dumti, restituere loco!

H. D.

Circumstance.

Two children in two neighbouring villages
Playing mad pranks along the healthy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-grown, beside a grey church tower;
Wash'd with still rains, and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
Fill up the round of life from hour to hour.

Tennyson.

Ὁ ΚΑΘ' ἩΜΕΡΑΝ ΒΙΟΣ.

Δισσαισι δισσοὶ παῖδες ἀγχιγείτοσι
τραφέντες ἐν κώμαισι, λειμῶνας κατὰ
νεανικὰ σκιρτῶντες ἀστιβεῖς νόσων·
δισσοὶ δ' ἑορτῇ ξυμβιβασθέντες ξένοι·
δισσοὶ δ' ἐρασταὶ τέμενος εὔδενδρον πέρι
κρυφῆ λαλοῦντες· ἣ δεθεῖσα χρυσέαις
ψυχῶν πτυχαῖς ξυνωρὶς, εὐπαγῶς ἔχειν·
τάφων δὲ (ναοῦ πάρεδρον ἀετώματι)
ζεῦγος, ποᾷ τε χλωρὸν, ἡσύχοις θ' ἅμα
ὄμβροισι τεγχθὲν, ἄνθεσίν τ' ἐστεμμένον.
δισσοὶ δὲ παῖδες μητέρων τεθραμμένοι
μιᾶς τε κώμης ἔννομοι· τοιαῦτά τοι
κύκλον περαίνει τοῦ καθ' ἡμέραν βίου.

C. J. V.

Poor Robin.

The north-wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.

Gammer Gurton.

The Toys of Life.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
A livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite.
Gold, garters, scarfs, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age;
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's dull play is o'er.

Pope.

Pat a Cake.

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man—
So I do, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it and prick it and mark it with C,
Then it will serve for Charley and me.

Gammer Gurton.

Rubecula.

Ingruit sævus Boreas, nivesque
Jam per algentem glomerantur auram;
Tempore hoc tristi tibi cara quid, Ru-
becula, fiet?

Horreo tu stramineo sedebis,
Et vel hiberna glacie calescens
Dulce sub penna caput usque tu, Ru-
becula, condes.

F. H.

Nostrum illud bibere.

Ecce modo infantem—sic Dii voluere benigni—
Gaudeat ut crotalo, stramine captus hiet!
Ludicra habet lætæ vivacior hora juventæ,
Aucto, sed pariter futilis illa, sono;
Aurumque et procerum phaleras maturior ætas,
Votivas sequitur balba senecta nuces:
Idem amor his nugis, idemque recurrit in illis:
Dum dormit ludo fessus, et—exit homo.

H. D.

Pistoris Puer.

Pistoris puer, O dulcem mihi tunde farinam.
Imo etiam rapida res erit acta manu.
Punge decentur acu, tituloque inscribe magistri;
Sic mihi, Carolulo sic erit esca meo.

F. H.

Danae.

Ὅτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος
βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα
δείματι ἤριπεν οὐδ' ἀδιάνταισι
παρείαις ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλε
φιλὰν χέρα, εἶπέν τε· ὦ τέκος
οἷον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' ἀώτεις γαλαθήνῳ τ'
ἤτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,
χαλκεογόμφω δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ
κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ. τὺ δ' αὐαλέαν
ὕπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
παρίοντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
οὐδ' ἀνέμων φθόγγων, πορφυρέᾳ
κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,
καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν
ὑπεῖχες οὖας, κέλομαι, εὖδε βρέφος,
εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.
μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὅτι δὴ θαρσαλέον
ἔπος, εὔχομαι τεκνόφι δίκας σύγγνωθί μοι.

Simonides.

Danae.

Quando insonaret sub trabe dædala
Vis sæva ventorum, et pelagi palus
Concussa suaderet timorem,
Nec lacrymis oculi carerent,
Fovit tenellum Persea brachiis
Dixitque Mater: 'Me miseram, quibus
Curis laboro! tu sed æneis
Vectibus implacidoque lecto,
Mollissima ætas, sterneris, et tuum
Carpis soporem: te pelagi premit
Cœlique caligo; sed ipse
Immemori frueris quiete;
Quantum capillis immineant aquæ,
Quantumque venti vis crepet, unice
Securus: ut pulcher nitensque
Purpureo recubas in ostro!
Quod si timeres quæ mihi sunt metu,
Et aure vocem conciperes meam,
Dormi, juberem; dormiunto
Dura fugæ mala, dura ponti.
Sic et benignus consilium Pater
Mutet refingens in melius, neque
Hæc nolit ulcisci, precando
Ni fuerim nimium molesta!'

C. M.

The Isles of Greece.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free:
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set—where were they?

Byron.

She that lived in a Shoe.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
Then whipt them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Gammer Gurton.

Insulæ in Aegeo.

Plurima in Ægeo nitet insula plurima ponto,
  Qua Sapphus carmen, quaque furebat amor;
Unde artes pacis natæ et fera munia belli,
  Surgebat Delos, Phœbus et ortus erat.
Ardet adhuc, flammis arsura perennibus, æstas;
  Sed patrii vivit nil nisi solis honor.

Despiciunt alti montes Marathona patentem,
  Et Marathon ponti despicit altus aquas;
Atque ibi dum tacita mecum meditarer in hora,
  Græcia erat somnis libera facta meis.
Quippe ego, qui Persas premerem sub calce sepultos,
  Servilis poteram conscius esse jugi?

Rex quidam, ut perhibent, saxosa in rupe sedebat;
  Oceani Salamis filia subter erat;
Innumeræ naves super æquora lata natabant,
  Innumeræ gentes—omnia Regis opes.
Sole recensebat primo navesque virosque—
  Quid tacito superest, sole cadente, freto?

B. H. D.

Anus in Solea.

Anxia vixit anus, solea conclusa minuta,
Pressaque tot pueris et nescia quid sit agendum!
Jus illis tepidum quæ cum sine pane parasset,
Sæva flagellavit cunctos, cubitumque remisit.

F. H.

Green grow the Rushes O.

There's nought but care on every han'
In every hour that passes O:
What signifies the life of man,
If 'twere na for the lasses O?

Green grow the rushes O:
Green grow the rushes O:
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses O.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them O;
An though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.

Green grow the rushes O:
Green grow the rushes O:
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie O.

Green grow the rushes O:
Green grow the rushes O:
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses O.

Virent Junci.

PARTE de cuncta premit atra Cura,
Omnibus quæ prætereunt in horis;
Vita quid fallax hominum valeret,
Vox puellarum nisi subveniret?

Virent junci fluviales,
Junci prope lymphas:
Ah quam ridet, quæ me videt
Hora inter nymphas!

Qui velint, aurum cupiant petantque;
Adsit aut aurum fugiat petentes.
Quid preces vanas licet assequantur,
Corde si nunquam placido fruantur?

Virent junci fluviales,
Junci prope lymphas:
Ah quam ridet, quæ me videt
Hora inter nymphas!

Vespere in molli juvat assidentem
Me meæ amplexum dare colla circum:
At viri cum divitiis rapaces,
Et simul curæ pereant edaces!

Virent junci fluviales,
Junci prope lymphas:
Ah quam ridet, quæ me videt
Hora inter nymphas!

Gin you're sae douce ye sneer at this,
  You're nought but senseless asses O:
The wisest man the warl e'er saw,
  He dearly loved the lasses O.

    Green grow the rushes O:
    Green grow the rushes O:
    The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
    Were spent among the lasses O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
  Her noblest work she classes O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
  And then she made the lasses O.

    Green grow the rushes O:
    Green grow the rushes O:
    The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
    Were spent among the lasses O!

Burns.

Dick's Nose.

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,
  His nose so long is, and his arm so short:
And never cries 'God bless me!' when he sneezes,
  He cannot hear so distant a report.

Greek Anthology.

Tollitis frontes mihi qui severas,
Jure vos stultum pecus audietis:
Summus in toto Sophus orbe bella
Arsit haud una tener in puella.

Virent junci fluviales,
Junci prope lymphas:
Ah quam ridet, quæ me videt
Hora inter nymphas!

Virgine exacta sibi gratulata est,
Artifex Natura, operique plaudit;
Quæ rudis Martem manus expedivit,
Doctior quanto Venerem expolivit!

Virent junci fluviales,
Junci prope lymphas:
Ah quam ridet, quæ me videt
Hora inter nymphas!

B.

De Naso Ricardi.

Ricardus nescit madidas emungere nares,
Tam longo est naso, tam brevis a cubito:
Nec si sternutat, 'fausto siet omine!' clamat;
Tam longe amotos non capit aure sonos.

H. D.

The Mad Dog.

Good people all of every sort
  Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there lived a man
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
  To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

The dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends
  Went mad, and bit the man.

Canis Rabidus.

Audite, O cives, quovis ex ordine nati,
Et patula nostros imbibite aure modos;
Et si forte quibus videatur perbrevis esse,
Non faciet longam fabula tota moram.

Rure suburbano quidam vivebat, ut aiunt,
Quo laudis nunquam dignior alter erat:
Non parcus Superum cultor, si credimus ori,
Ante Deos quoties flecteret ille genu.

Hostibus hic mansuetus erat, dilectus amicis,
In cunctos miræ sedulitatis homo:
Inque dies spisso nudum velabat amictu,
Cum sese in vestes induit ipse suas.

Illa forte canis sese stabulabat in urbe;
Nec mirum est—multos urbs habet illa canes.
Illic Spartanumque genus fortesque Molossi,
Et catuli infames, squallida turba, ruunt.

Cum nondum lites indixerat unus et alter,
Junctus amicitia cum cane vixit homo.
Inde canis, quædam, credo, sibi commoda quærens,
Fit subito rabidus, dilaniatque virum.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
  The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That shewed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite;
  The dog it was that died.

Goldsmith.

The Tropic Sun.

And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun;
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed;
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light;
Then sinks at once—and all is night.

Scott.

Undique per plateas vicinia tota cucurrit,
  Viditque horrendum constupuitque nefas;
Delirare canem jurant, qui dente profano
  Tam sanctum haud metuit dilacerare senem.

Si qua fides oculis avidæ sapientibus urbis,
  Vulnera soliciti plena doloris erant;
Delirare canem dum jurat quisque vicissim,
  Uno est consensu mors obeunda viro.

Sed nova decurrens prodit miracula tempus,
  Et vulgo infidos arguit esse dolos;
Incolumis noster superest, mirantur et omnes
  Unum ex ambobus deperiisse canem.

H. J. H.

Sol Aequinoctialis.

Confectoque mei furore cursus,
Mergar, sol velut æquinoctialis;
Cui nec pallidulum jubar gradatim
Restinctum abluitur, nec acris ira
Sub rorante crepusculo silescit.
Orbe ardens, clypei rubentis instar,
Præceps insilit igneum cubile;
Latas sanguinea face urit undas,
Conditur—subitoque tota nox est.

B. H. D.

Ode to Liberty.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thine ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power
E'er draw thy sad, thy mournful tears.

Ad Libertatem.

Quis fila tanget? quis Lacedæmonis
Dudum tacentes excutiet modos?
Pubemque defunctosque cœtus
Horrisono revocabit ære?
Divina quorum cæsaries, uti
Vernos per imbres flos hyacinthinus
Lugubre se pandens, honestos
Fusa humeris animi timores
Altamque virtutem ac niveam Fidem
Spirabat. Illos scilicet aurea
Spectare Libertas avebat,
Et sobolem propriam dicare.
Alterne, velox mente nova, canet
Alcæus ensem? qui viridi coma
Myrtoque devinctus, sacrata
Pallados æde diu retentos
Celavit ignes; dum rutilantia
Diva auspicato fulmina promeret;
Tum clarus invictusque vindex
Emicuit, trepidumque vulnus
Infixit. At ne, Diva, chelys tuas
Male ominatis vocibus increpans
Aures inopportuna tristem
Eliciat memoremque guttam!

No, Freedom, no—I will not tell
  How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant statue, fell,
  Pushed by a wild and artless race
  From off its wide ambitious base.
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
  And all the blended work of strength and grace
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

Collins.

Laura.

When Laura first, with heaven's own radiance bright,
Beam'd in full lustre on my ravish'd sight;
Ere yet the wonder spoke, I saw, and loved—
What marble by such beauty were not moved!
But when, in tones as music soft and clear,
With Nature's melody she charm'd mine ear,
Her tongue confirm'd the triumph of her eyes:
Who sees is wounded, but who listens dies.

Wrangham.

Romam tacebo—non ego concinam
Ut Roma victrix, ut caput urbium
Te, sancta Libertas, vidente,
Te meritum lacrymante fatum,
Instar columnæ proruerit gravi
Stridens ruina. Scilicet horrida
Detrusit immanisque pubes
Sede, ferox Boreæ propago,
Cum, quicquid ingens, quicquid amabile
Staret, furenti corruit impetu,
Irasque clamoresque et inter
Barbaricos cecidit tumultus.

E. B.

Laura.

Ut primum Lauram adspexi, perculsus amore—
Quod rude sensisset marmor, et ipse tuli;
Gratia tanta oculis inerat, licet ore taceret,
Causa satis flammæ lux erat illa meæ!
Sed cum mellitas voces haurire dabatur,
Et quo ducebat blanda loquela, sequi;
Quantum lingua oculum superaret non bene novi
Perditus: hic tantum vulnerat, illa necat.

F. W.

The sleeping Palace awakened.

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt,
  There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran and doors that clapt,
  And barking dogs and crowing cocks.
A fuller light illumined all,
  A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
  And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
  The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
  The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled.
The maid and page renewed their strife;
  The palace banged and buzzed and clackt;
And all the long-pent stream of life
  Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,
  And in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned and rubbed his face and spoke—
  'By holy rood, a royal beard!

Aula regia Somno excussa.

Vix puer impressis afflaverat oscula labris,
Afflatu magicæ dissiluere moræ:
Continuo longis clangoribus æreus umbo
Tempora per numeros significare suos:
Ire redire pedum strepitus, se effringere postes;
Latravit, gallo crebra canente, canis:
Amplius augusta reparari lumen in aula;
Horto vibrantes flare reflare Noti:
Atria tam subitus concussit rauca tumultus,
Fons ter vicenos exsiluitque pedes!

Disjectam sepem videas expassaque signa;
Pocla puer, ceras villicus arripuit:
Ardet flamma foco, nido exturbatur hirundo;
Psittacus et pavo, stridor uterque, fremunt:
Pusio prætrepidans ancillæ jurgia nectit;
Inter se fractis intonat aula sonis;
Vitaque detorpens animos ita cepit, ut amnis
Spumeus abruptum qui ruit in barathrum.

Ultimus, excussa tremefacti nube soporis,
Rex caput aurato sustulit in solio;
Contrectansque genas hæc ore profatur hiulco;
'Proh Superi! facta est regia barba mihi!

How say you? we have slept, my lords.
  My beard has grown into my lap!'
The barons swore with many words,
  'Twas but an after-dinner nap.

'Pardy,' returned the king, 'but still
  My joints are something stiff or so.
My Lord, and shall we pass the bill
  I mentioned half an hour ago?'
The Chancellor sedate and vain
  In courteous words returned reply;
But dallied with his golden chain,
  And, smiling, put the question by.

Tennyson.

Pippen Hill.

As I was going up Pippen Hill,
  Pippen Hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty Miss,
  And she dropt me a curtesy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,
  Blessings light upon you!
If I had half a crown in purse,
  I'd spend it all upon you.

Gammer Gurton.

Hæcce quis expediat? Proceres, dormivimus,' inquit;
'Ad medium crevit pendula barba femur.'
Causantur proceres; 'Quæ tanta injuria somni?
Vix modici pransis detumuere cibi.'

Rex, majorum umbras et nomina sancta precatus,
'Quicquid id est,' infit, 'membra sopore rigent.
An, modo quam suasi legem, Præfecte, feramus?'
Splendidus obsequium præstitit ore senex:
Sæpe sed auratum versavit pollice torquem,
Et rem subridens distulit ancipitem.

C. M.

Collis Pippenius.

Colle in Pippenio vagabar olim,
(Collis Pippenius luto madebat)
Occurrit mihi suaviter puella,
Et salvere jubet, genu soluto.

O puellula, virginum quot errant
Felicissima sis venustiorum;
Quod calcas rosa fiat, O tenella!
Si drachmam in loculis meis haberem,
Donarem tibi mille margaritas.

H. D.

Mira.

When first the Siren Beauty's face
  My wandering eye surveyed,
Unmoved I saw each fraudful grace,
  That round th' enchantress played:

And still, with careless mien elate,
  Defied the Paphian's wile;
As ambushed in a look he sate,
  Or couched beneath a smile.

And still to rove I madly vowed
  Along the dangerous way,
Secure, where other boasters bowed
  Before the tyrant's sway.

Nor learned my breast to heave the sigh,
  Or pour the secret heart;
Till Mira from her beamy eye
  Despatched th' unerring dart.

'Fly, fatal shaft,' with cruel zeal
  The conscious murtheress cried,
'And teach yon haughty boy to feel
  The anguish due to pride.'

To soothe the soul-subduing pain
  Awhile I fondly strove;
But combated, alas! in vain,
  The omnipotence of Love.

Mira.

LUMINA cum primum, memini, juvenilia cepit
  Virgineo quicquid ludit in ore decus,
Tutus ab illecebris veneres mirabar inermes:
  A nobis famam nulla puella tulit.

Hinc animo audaci nimium vultuque superbo
  Spernebam Paphii mollia tela Dei;
Seu roseo insidias struxit male fidus in ore,
  Seu risus inter retia texit Amor.

Sæpe quidem dixi, fallacis nescius auræ,
  Me tuto angustam posse tenere viam;
Imprudens nimium! qui me tam sæpe negavi,
  Cætera qui vincit, vincere posse Deum.

Nam neque adhuc noram tristi suspiria cura
  Ducere, nec querulæ tangere fila lyræ;
Cum Mira ex oculis, Phœbei fulguris instar,
  Misit vindictæ tela ministra suæ.

'I, fuge,' fatalis clamavit conscia plagæ,
  'I, pete,' ait, 'durum, fida sagitta, latus:
Hinc tandem, hinc discat nostri contemptor oportet,
  Quæ sint feminea vulnera missa manu.'

Pectoris ut sævos possem sanare dolores,
  Tentavi medica quicquid in arte fuit;
Sed frustra petii duro me opponere morbo:
  Ah! medica non est arte fugandus Amor.

Then ah ! at length, stern Power, forbear,
  Thy wrath at length forego :
Enough my youth has felt of care ;
  Enough has tasted woe.

Or if ordained by stubborn fate
  To drag the eternal chain,
Doomed, as I bend beneath its weight,
  To court relief in vain ;

To Mira equal toil impart ;
  On her thy pang bestow ;
Thrill with Love's agony her heart,
  And bid her suffer too.

Wrangham.

The wise Men of Gotham.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl ;
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

Gammer Gurton.

Improbe, parce, Puer, pennatum intendere ferrum ;
  In me crudeles desine ferre minas :
Præteritos egi non tam feliciter annos ;
  Experta est varias nostra juventa vices.

Sin quæ dispensant mortalia fila sorores
  Imposito prohibent solvere colla jugo ;
Si me fata jubent æternam ferre catenam,
  Nec prodest votis solicitasse Deos ;

Tu saltem Miræ similem, Puer, incute plagam,
  Languescat, quæso, vulnere nympha pari :
Hæc quoque cognoscat quid sit succumbere amori,
  Transadigatque animas una sagitta duas.

G. C.

Philosophi Tusculani.

Tres Philosophi de Tusculo
Mare navigarunt vasculo :
Si vas id esset tutius,
Tibi canerem diutius.

H. D.

Louisa.

THOUGH by a sickly taste betrayed
Some may dispraise the lovely maid,
With fearless pride I say,
That she is healthful, fleet and strong,
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May.

And smiles has she to earth unknown;
Smiles, that with motion of their own
Do spread and sink and rise;
That come and go with endless play,
And ever as they pass away
Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her cottage-home,
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
In weather rough and bleak;
And when against the wind she strains,
O might I kiss the mountain rains
That sparkle on her cheek!

Louisa.

Rusticam spernant alii puellam, et
Simplici myrto folia allaborent;
Suscipit gratum mea lingua munus.
Ausa referre,

Illa quam pulcra vigeat juventa;
Quamque veloci pede per profunda
Saxa decurrat, redeunte sicut
Flumina Maio.

Ridet, at quali Dea sola risu,
Qui suas toto veneres in ore
Prodit, alterno refluens fluensque
Molliter æstu;

Pertinax circumvolitare lusu
Sedulo frontem; aut roseum cubile
Deserens vultus, oculi in protervis
Ignibus abdi.

Parvulo contenta focum paternum
Et lares notos amat: at procellæ
Immemor grata vice pervagatur
Devia montis;

Dumque ibi in ventos animosa certat,
Imbrium gemmas utinam oscularer,
Qui genis in purpureis pudica
Luce coruscant!

Take all that's mine beneath the moon,
If I with her but half a noon
  May sit beneath the walls
Of some old cave or mossy nook,
Whene'er she wanders up the brook
  To hunt the waterfalls.

Wordsworth.

The Knight's Grave.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn
  Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a fount on the breast of Helvellyn,
  Under the twigs of a young birch tree.
The oak that in summer was pleasant to hear,
And rustled its leaves at the fall of the year,
And bellowed and whistled in winter alone,
Is gone—in its place the birch tree is grown.
    The knight's bones are dust,
    And his good sword rust—
    His soul is with the saints I trust!

Coleridge.

Deme quot rerum videt alta Luna,
Sit reclinato mihi cum puella
Sole fervente aut veteris sub antri
Rupe morari;

Aut in umbroso nemorum recessu,
Fertur ut montis per amata rura, aut
Abditos fontes petit in ruentis
Margine rivi.

H. J. H.

Arturi Sepulcrum.

O ubi nunc recubant Arturi nobilis ossa?
O quibus in cippis, aut qua jacet integer herba
Ille sepulcrali?—muscoso in margine fontis
Sopitur placide gremioque Helvellynis alto:
Et super impubis betullæ virga coruscat.
Quercus enim, æstivo quæ tempore suave sonare,
Auctumnoque gravi foliis crepitare solebat,
Solaque sub brumam rauca mugire querela,
Occidit, et vacuo betulla innascitur arvo.
Pulvere cara viri commiscuit ossa vetustas,
Et fidum scabies ensem damnosa peredit—
Ordinibus spero sanctorum inscribier ipsum!

A. B. H.

Mat and Topaz.

Full oft does Mat with Topaz dine,
Eateth French meat and drinketh wine:
But Topaz his own verse rehearseth,
And Mat must praise what Topaz verseth.
Now sure as saint did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner!

Prior.

A thing slipt idly from me: you must guess it.

Shakspeare.

Hinx Minx.

Hinx, Minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry:
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
And father, mother, and I!

Gammer Gurton.

Procillus et Atticus.

Cœnat sæpe apud Atticum Procillus:
Illic vina dapesque sumtuosas
Sorbet; versibus at suis citatis,
Poscit 'Euge σοφῶςque' symbolam hospes.
Magni sane emis, O Procille, cœnam!

F. W.

Nescio quid tecum grave cornicaris.

Te *Primum* incauto nimium propiusque tuenti,
  Laura, mihi furtim surripuisse queror.
Nec tamen hoc furtum tibi condonare recusem,
  Si pretium tali solvere merce velis.
Sed quo plus candoris habent tibi colla *Secundo*,
  Hoc tibi plus *Primum* frigoris intus habet.
Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice *Totum*
  Omina, et audaces spes vetat esse ratas.

R. P.

Hinc Hecate.

'Hinc et abhinc, Hecate!'—mala anus præ limine nictat;
  Sibilat inferni conscius ignis adeps—
'Sola domi invenies salientia crura Joannæ'—
  Meque ipsam et matrem cum genitore meam.

H. D.

To Mister Lawrence.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways all mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
  Of Attic taste with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He, who of these delights can judge and spare
  To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

Milton.

Ad Laurentium.

O CASTA casti progenies patris,
Dum bruma campos occupat et vias,
Quo rure, Laurenti, reducto,
Quosve focos apud hospitales,
Longo auferemus tœdia de die?
Quod hora nobis cunque dabit lucri
Morosa carpentes, ut annus
Prætereat leviore penna,
Constricta donec prata refecerint
Alæ Favoni, liliaque et rosas,
Laboris expertes, amictu
Verna novo decorarit aura.
Quæ munda nobis cæna parabitur?
Quæ lecta mensæ fercula?—age, Attico
De more promenturque vina, et
Post calices bene tacta noctem
Producet una barbitos auream,
Et vox Etruscos callidior modos
Spirare, et effundens choreæ
Sidereæ propiora chordis.
Qui tanta novit gaudia carpere,
Prudensque parca mente frui sapit,
Scit ille, ni fallor, Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti.

H. J. H.

The Lay of the Five Fingers.

This little pig went to market,
This little pig staid at home,
This little pig had a bit of bread and butter,
This little pig had none,
This little pig cried, wee! wee! wee! I can't find
my way home.

Gammer Gurton.

A New Mistress.

Call me not, love, unkind,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste heart and quiet mind,
To war and arms I flie.

Another mistress hence I chace,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Lovelace.

To an Editor.

So rude and senseless are thy lays,
The weary audience vows,
'Tis not the Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herd that lows.

Shenstone.

In Quinque Digitos.

Porculus ille forum se contulit; ille remansit
Usque domi; panem butyro porculus ille
Perfusum arripuit; nullum miser ille; sed 'eheu!'
Ter repetens 'eheu!' clamabat porculus 'eheu!'
Ille, 'ego porcinos nequeo reperire Penates.'

F. H.

Novus Amor.

Parce precor verbis, cara, indulgere severis,
  Quod de tam casta sede libenter agar,
Sede tuæ mentis tranquillæ in pectore puro,
  Et celer in pugnas et media arma ruam.
Quicunque instructo per campos imperat hosti,
  Est novus a nobis ille petendus amor;
Danda fides clypeo, danda est jam certior ensi,
  Et magis ardentem solicitamus equum.

B. H. D.

Ad Editorem.

Tam rude carmen habes, ita sunt sine Apolline versus,
  (Pertæsus auditor crepat)
Non est Arcadicus qui cantat arundine pastor,
  Armenta sunt quæ mugiunt.

B.

Elegy.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Elegia.

Funebris insonuit morituræ nænia lucis,
  Mugitus sequitur pascua longa boum;
Vix pede se lasso trahit ad sua limina arator,
  Cum tacito solus vespere linquor ego.

Nunc oculos fallit species evanida rerum,
  Et passim cœlos occupat alta quies,
Ni rotat argutis gyros ubi cantharus alis,
  Tinnitusque piger per juga sopit oves.

Ni forte ex hedera vicinæ in vertice turris
  Noctua luctisonos integret ægra modos,
Si qui palantes latebrosa cubilia propter
  Secreti invadant jura vetusta loci.

Subter nodosis ulmis, taxoque comanti,
  Qua putris aggesto cespite terra tumet,
Carcere quisque suo, pagi rudis incola in ævum
  Dormit, et indigenæ contumulantur avi.

Mane in odorifero peramabilis aura Favoni,
  Quæ de straminea garrit hirundo casa,
Vaticinus galli clangor, lituusve resultans,
  Discutient humilis somnia nulla tori.

Illis haud iterum refovebitur igne caminus,
  Sponsave quod propriæ est sedula partis aget:
Non balbo proles gratabitur ore parenti,
  Curret in amplexus, præripietve genas.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
  How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Suppositis quoties resecabant falcibus arva,
  Versa gravi quoties vomere gleba fuit!
Ut læti in tonsas jumenta egere novales,
  Quo ferro in silvis procubuere trabes!

Ambitio curas ne dedignetur honestas,
  Otiaque ignotis haud aliena focis;
Nec torvo excipiat contracta Superbia risu
  Pauperis historiam, sit brevis illa, domi.

Stemmata longa patrum, magnæque potentia famæ,
  Quicquid forma potest addere, quicquid opes,
Expectant pariter non evitabile tempus—
  Scilicet ad tumulum ducit Honoris iter.

Nec vos, o proceres phalerati, id vertite culpæ,
  Quod Pietas illis nulla tropæa locat,
Qua per magnifici laquearia dædala templi
  Grandisonum volvunt organa pulsa melos.

Quid tituli, quid sculpta juvabunt marmora? membris
  An sese insinuet spiritus arte redux?
Gloria num tacitas exsuscitet ore favillas?
  Num Stygium tangant mollia verba Deum?

Forsitan hac etiam neglecta in sede quiescant
  Quæ cœlo fuerant pectora fœta suo;
Dextera, quæ indomitos domuisset inulta Britannos,
  Vel poterat vivam solicitasse lyram.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Atqui non illis rerum monumenta, nec amplas
  Temporis exuvias evoluisse datur:
Frigida Paupertas generosos expulit ignes,
  Compressitque pigro corda animosque gelu.

Plurima, quæ raro splendet fulgore, sub imis
  Fontibus oceani gemma sepulta latet:
Plurimus incultis nequicquam nascitur arvis
  Flosculus, et vacuum complet odore nemus.

Hac, indignatus ruris dare colla tyranno,
  Brutus in obscura dormiat alter humo;
Inscius hic citharæ Nasoque inglorius ævi,
  Nec vetitæ temerans fœdera Cæsar aquæ.

Imperitare animo pendentis ab ore senatus,
  Temnere pœnarum damna gravesque minas,
Per gentes pleno diffundere munera cornu,
  Et scribi in populi vultubus URBIS AMOR,

Sorte negatum illis—nec, quæ virtutibus essent
  Invida, nequitiæ Fata dedere viam:
Sed vetuere armis male parta capessere regna,
  Et generi exitium deproperare suo;

Condere sinceros agitato in pectore motus,
  Luctari ingenuus ne rubor ora notet,
Aut ferre ad tumidi cumulata altaria Luxus
  Pro pudor! Aonii thurea dona chori.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Ambitione procul vesana et lite forensi,
  Quisque suum placide conficiebat iter:
Per vitæ ambages gratas in valle reducta
  Carpebant tacitos ac sine labe dies.

Hæc tamen ut pedibus sint ossa intacta profanis,
  E fragili saxo tollitur urna memor,
Quæ versu illepido, sculptisque sine arte figuris,
  Sæpe viatorem sistere, flere monet.

Musa rudis signat quæ nomina, computat annos,
  Quicquid laudis egent, suppeditare valet;
Aureaque excerpsit sacrato e codice dicta,
  Quæ doceant quid sit vivere, quidque mori.

Solicitæ quis enim, sic immemor usque priorum,
  Delicias animæ deposuisse velit?
Ecquis deseruit lætæ confinia lucis,
  Nec tulit ad superas ora reflexa plagas?

Sese anima in gremium fugitiva receptat amicum,
  Ultima lachrymulam flagitat hora piam:
Vel de ferali clamat Natura sepulchro,
  Vel calet effœto fax rediviva rogo!

Te vero, memorem turbæ sine honore jacentis,
  Quem juvat infletas sic cecinisse vices,
Si te forte dolens, animo huc compulsus eodem,
  Advena, quæ fuerint et tua fata, petat;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say;
  'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
  Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next with dirges due in sad array
  Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
  Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
  A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
  And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Dixerit, albescant cana cui fronte capilli;
'Sæpe novo juvenem vidimus ire die,
Cum pede festino quateret de gramine rores,
Staret ut in summis, sole oriente, jugis.

Illic qua fagi patet umbra, vetustaque radix
Lascive e summa tortilis exstat humo,
Sole sub æstivo, molli porrectus in herba,
Captabat murmur lene loquacis aquæ.

Ad nemus ille vagans, risuque notandus amaro,
Mussabat dubios, intima corda, sonos;
Vel miser et pallens sese incomitatus agebat,
Deliro similis, quemve fefellit amor.

Mane mihi quodam, collis juga nota petenti,
Arboris et soliti defuit hospes agri:
Altera lux oritur—nec propter flumen, aprico
Nec tamen in campo, nec nemora inter, erat.

Tertia successit—planctus audimus—et inde
Funeris elati triste notamus iter.
Perlege (namque potes) tumulo superaddita verba,
Surgit sub vetulo qua lapis ille rubo.'

Epitaphium.

Hic recubat juvenis maternæ in cespite terræ;
Fama latet—nullas vivus habebat opes:
Sed genus ignotum non despexere Camænæ,
Et puerum optavit lugubris Hora suum.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
  He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

Enough's a Feast.

I went to the toad that lies under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call:
I scratched out the eyes of the owl before;
I tore the bat's wing—what would you have more?

Gammer Gurton.

Oh ever thus.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
  I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
  But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
  To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
  And love me, it was sure to die.

Moore.

Ipse animi simplex largi, quæ reddidit ultro
  Largior, agnovit libera dona, Deus:
Pauper pauperibus lacrymam, munuscula, fudit,
  Ex voto Cœli nactus amicitiam.

Sed neque virtutes evolvere longius illas,
  Nec vitia a tenebris dissociare velis:
Spe pariter tacita, pariter terrore quiescunt,
  In Patris æterno non adeunda sinu.

J. H. M.

Satis superque.

Bufonem accessi sub pariete semper agentem,
Vocibus elicui magicis, venitque vocatus:
Alam divelli vespertilionis, ocellis
Privato bubone prius—quid plura requiras?

F. H.

Sic semper.

Sic mihi de teneris spes infeliciter annis,
  Et vota et cupidæ præteriere preces!
Arbusta in silvis, in aprico flosculus horto—
  Sub manibus marcent omnia pulcra meis.
Si forte effusi mirantem fulgur ocelli,
  Jam me surpuerat cara capella mihi,
Cum sciret vocem, peteret mea basia, mecum
  Luderet—invidit quilibet—illa perit!

H. D.

The Man in the Wilderness.

The man in the wilderness asked me,
'How many strawberries grow in the sea?'
I answered him, as I thought good,
'As many as red herrings grow in the wood.'

Gammer Gurton.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st being stopped, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Shakspeare.

Quidam in Desertis.

QUIDAM in desertis blanda me voce rogabat,
'Fraga quot in pelagi fluctibus orta putes?'
Nec male quæsitis hoc respondere videbar,
'Salsa quot alecum millia sylva ferat.'

F. H.

Julia loquitur.

NONNE vides, leni qui labitur agmine rivus,
Spumeus exundat, mora si qua retardet euntem:
Sin placidum nullo perfecerit objice cursum,
Suave renidentis murmur per levia arenæ
Saxa ciet, lentumque siler mollesque genistas,
Vix adeo tactis delibans oscula, lambit?
Atque ita per multos anfractus flexibus errat,
Et ludit ludum, nullo retinente, procacem,
Donec in irato ponti se immisceat æstu.
Sic precor, o virgo, nil me remoreris euntem!
Ipsa, sinas, referam tranquilla silentia rivi;
Atque via quamvis vestigia fessa reponam,
Ibo iter et grati prætexam nomine ludi;
Donec in extremo cursu jam reddar amanti
Molliter, et blanda potiar contenta quiete,
Quali, operum vitæ longique soluta laboris,
Umbra per Elysios fruitur sine fine recessus.

C. T. B.

This introduceth to mie Librarie.

From moulderinge Abbayes' darke Scriptorium broughte,
See vellum tomes by monkysh laboure wroughte;
Ne yette the Comma borne, Papyri see,
And uncial letterres' wizarde grammarie.
View mie Fyfthteeneres in their ruggedde line;
Swylke Inkes! swylke Linnenne! only knowne longe syne;
Enteringe, where Aldus mote have sixt his throne,
Or Harrie Stevenes covetedde his owne.

Drurie.

In Musæi mei aditu.

PONTIFICUM . VIDEAS . PENETRALIBUS . ERUTA . LABSIS
ANTIQUAS . MONACHUM . VELLERA . PASSA . MANUS
ET . VETERES . PUNCTO . SINE . DIVISORE . PAPYROS
QUÆQUE . FREMIT . MONSTRIS . LITERA . PICTA . SUIS
ÆTATIS . DECIMÆ . SPECTES . INDUSTRIA . QUINTÆ
QUAM . PULCHRA . ARCHETYPOS . IMPRIMAT . ARTE . DUCES
ALDINAS . ÆDES . INEUNS . ET . LIMINA . JUNTÆ
QUOSQUE . SUOS . STEPHANUS . VELLET . HABERE . LARES

H. J. T. D.

Precedence.

'Sir, will you please to walk before?'
'No pray, Sir, you are next the door:'
'Upon my honour, I'll not stir'—
'Sir, I'm at home—consider, Sir!'
'Excuse me Sir, I'll not go first:'
'Well if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it;
'Tis strangely clownish—be persuaded.'
  Go forward cits—go forward squires;
Nor scruple each what each admires.
Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding,
It flies while you display your breeding:
Such breeding as one's grannam preaches,
Or some old dancing master teaches.
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or at least half mellow,
To come behind you unawares
And fairly kick you both down stairs!
  But, Death's at hand—let me advise ye,
Go forward, friends, or he'll surprise ye.

Shenstone.

The quiet Old Lady.

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.

Gammer Gurton.

Præcedere.

'I PRÆ, pone sequar, Domine:' 'haud præcedere possum:'
'I prece te rogito:' 'foribus quin proximus adstas!'
'Juro Phœbeos crines, pede figor:' 'at hæc est
Nostra domus, reputa:' 'veniam da, non prior ibo!'
'Quam sit inurbanum novi, at parere necesse est;
Longe aliter facerem—precor O succumbe roganti.'
Ite, præite aliis alii, vos quotquot ab urbe,
Armigeri quotquot proceres de rure: nec id quod
Pectore amat toto, sibi quisque assumere nolit.
Vita brevis male se vestris accommodat hisce
Usubus; illa fugit, dum vos ornatis ad unguem
Exhibitos mores, quales docuisset ineptæ
Garrulitas aviæ, aut balbi præcepta Bathylli.
Asper et incultus veniat quis, sit simul idem
Ebriolus, paulum aut demens, qui calce faceto
Urgens de tergo, scalas abscondere cogat.
Sed quid ego plura? En præsto stat Mors! nisi vultis
Ire, hæc attonitos protrudet et ire negantes.

B.

Anus tranquilla.

LEGIT Anus sub colle domum: domus illa morantem,
Si non ipsa abeat, jam retinebit anum.

F. H.

The Bud.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
  Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
  And did but half itself disclose:
I plucked it, though no better grown;
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
  With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
  And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air and sun
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
  What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
  When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

Waller.

So altered.

I loved thee beautiful and kind,
  And plighted an eternal vow:
So altered are thy face and mind,
  'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Prior.

Gemma.

En!—ea qua foliis stet operta recentibus arbor,
  Et properet gravidas mox aperire rosas—
Hæc præmaturi prope conscia gemma ruboris
  Intempestivum est pandere visa caput.
Hanc ego, sicut erat, summo de stemmate vulsi,
  Jamque patent teneræ quæ latuere comæ.

Et quoties tepido caluit rosa percita flatu,
  Purpura per nitidas fulsit oborta genas;
Ac veluti admotis auris caluere favillæ,
  Afflatæ visa est ignea forma rosæ.
Vis adeo solis faceret quod et ala Favoni,
  Hoc datur exiguo flamine posse mihi.

Talia si possit nostri temere halitus oris,
  Idem quid tenero non in amore potest?
Purus amor quoties citharæ se commodet arti,
  Et tremat assiduis Flavia mota labris?
Cum, tulit exanimes qui sub juga mollia gemmas,
  Virginis invadat spiritus ille sinum?

J. H.

Tempora mutantur.

Pulcram te facie atque mente amabam
Juratus—fateor. Quid ergo? mentem
Mutasti, faciemque. Amare porro
Perjuri foret, haud proci fidelis.

F. W.

The first Grief.

'Oh call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone:
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Along the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
O call my brother back.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
O call him back to me!'

'He would not hear my voice, fair child;
He may not come to thee:
The face, that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A flower's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go, thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven.'

Primus Dolor.

‘O REVOCA mihi fratrem, et eris carissima, mater;
  Solus enim nequeo ludere, fessus ero.
Cum pictis apibus, venit cum floribus æstas—
  Dic quibus in cæcis abditur ille locis?

Trans jubar aurati volitans mutabile solis
  Ala papilio versicolore micat;
Et micet incolumis; per me volitabit inultus—
  O redeat nostram frater, ut ante, domum!

Intonsi exultant flores—quem sevimus hortum;
  Arbore sub patula quæ rubuere rosæ:
Vitis dependet crassis onerata racemis—
  Si revocas fratrem, tu mihi mater eris.’

‘Heu! non audiret matrem, formose, vocantem,
  Quem poterunt nullæ solicitare preces:
Ille oculus ridens, faciesque simillima veri,
  Et nos et nostrum destituere diem.

Sole sub aprico quid si breve carpserit ævum?
  Splendida decidui tempora floris habet.
I, puer—et ludos tecum meditare novellos;
  Nec geme quod cœlis gaudeat ille suis.’

'And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain?
And through the long long summer hours
Will he not come again?

And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
O! while my brother with me played
Would I had loved him more!'

Hemans.

Fidele's Grave.

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore shaming
Those rich left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss beside, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Shakspeare.

'Ergo abit, et volucres et gemmea prata reliquit?
Et mea nequicquam vox repetita sonat?
Immemor et nostri, per tædia longa dierum,
Per totam æstatem non venit usque mihi?

Nec rursum in viridi reduces errabimus umbra?
Ad nemus, ad fontes, incomitatus eam?
Dure puer, qui tot dulces neglexeris horas,
Nec dederis fratri basia plura tuo!'

H. D.

Fideles Tumulus.

Tuum, Fidele, floribus pulcerrimis,
Dum durat æstas, incolamque me vident
Hæc rura, funus contegam: pallentium,
Tui instar oris, primularum copia
Haud deerit, aut colore venas æmulans
Hyacinthus, aut odora frons cynosbati:
Quæ, nec calumniamur, haud erat tuo,
Odora quamvis, spiritu fragrantior.
Tibi hæc vetustæ more mansuetudinis
(O mos pudori prodigis hæredibus
Inhumata patrum qui relinquunt corpora!)
Rubecularum vilis hospitalitas
Afferret; imo plura; namque mortuis
His omnibus, cubile musco sterneret,
Brumaque te curaret, ut viresceres.

F. H.

To Ceres.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep:
Thy bank with pionied and twilled brims,
Which spungy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Shakspeare.

The Dilemma.

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
My stars! what should we drink?

Gammer Gurton.

Ad Cererem.

Diva Ceres, opulenta, tibi hæc Junonia longe
Jussa fero, cujus liquidis in nubibus Iris
Ipsa per ætherios labor prænuntia tractus.
Jamne tuas multa vibrantes messe novales,
Triticeamque ultro segetem, viciamque, fabamque,
Linquis, et erectæ penetrabile culmen avenæ?
Jamne tuos montes, ovium et rodentia sæcla,
Et, tutela vagi pecoris, quæ plurima sepes
Implicitis planos distinxit cratibus agros?
Jamne et ripicolas fluviorum in margine flores,
Lilia, pæoniamque, Aprilia dona, rubentem,
Usum in nympharum, et nuribus redimicula castis?
At neque te multo vindemia consita palo,
Quæque genistarum læsis stat amantibus umbra,
Detineat; nec litus inops, ignavaque saxa,
Æquoris in scatebris ubi mollia frigora captas.
Sic Regina jubet, tecum hæc viridaria ludo
Quæ terere, et dulces dignatur inire choreas.
At bijugis actos pavonibus aspice currus!
Ipsa veni, Dominamque pio, Diva, accipe vultu.

C. M.

Vexata Quæstio.

Si Terra e pistis constaret inhospita pomis,
Si foret Oceanus vasti lacus atramenti,
Si folia in silvis panisque et caseus essent—
Pro facinus! per ego hos oculos, per sidera testor,
Nescio quid biberent sitientia sæcla virorum!

H. D.

Evening.

Hail meek eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in honey dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening dance;
Old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene;
And from the sheep-cote and fresh furrowed field
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and lengthening shadow spies;
Pleased with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumbered flies.

Vespera.

Te placido vultu glaucaque in veste, Puella,
Leniter ingressam fessus arator amat;
Dumque domum repetens balbæ parat oscula proli,
In dubia nemorum luce jocosa canit.

Cum sub purpureos condit sol lumina montes,
Tu levis incedens prata vapore tegis;
Lilia mellifero perfundis rore per herbam;
Nutantem violam tu fragilemque foves.

Quæ Dryades rapidi fugerunt verbera Phœbi,
Qua gelidas sedes antra reducta dabant,
Lasciva properant reduces saltare chorea;
Pan quoque Silvano cum sene festus adest.

Stagna supervolitans levis æthera tranat hirundo,
Cornices siluas, garrula turba, petunt:
A grege composito sulcoque recente coloni
Certatum in viridi congrediuntur humo.

Aspicit exercens pastor sine lege Camœnam,
Cœnantum ut pecudum longior umbra cadat;
Illum etiam gelidi tranquilla silentia mulcent
Temporis, et rauco plurima musca sono.

Now every passion sleeps; desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
A holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
Listening to every wildly-warbling throat,
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

Warton.

Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

In garret high, choked up with books,
Worn in his garments as his looks,
Lanker in limb than dustman's shovel,
But well to do in self approval,
A Scholar sat, above the crowd,
And thus soliloquised aloud.
'O heaven-sent precept! happy chance,
That shamed me of my ignorance,
Laid useless science on the shelf,
And bid me only KNOW MYSELF!
O noble toil with triumph crowned,
Deep truth in deeper study found!
How long in silence have I been
The cleverest, sweetest, best of men!
Let me display myself unfurled
To the profoundly nescient world.
The secret of all knowledge is to show it—
He only KNOWS, whom people know to know it.'

Δ.

Nunc posuere animi; nunc ægra Superbia dormit;
  Livorque insomnis, speque relictus Amor;
Fundit sancta quies optatam in pectora pacem;
  Nec furit Ambitio, nec levis Ira tumet.

Sit mihi, sit tecum meditanti errare per agros;
  Me, virgo, sociis adde modesta tuis:
Sit mihi sæpe vaga volucrum gaudere querela,
  Quæ tua, dum recinit, personat arva—vale!

L.

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

Ardua dum coleret spissis cœnacula libris,
  Squallenti vultu et squallidiore toga,
Hæc Sophus esuriens (non de grege porcus obeso,
  Ast animo turgens nec male pastus) ait—
'Quam bene de cœlo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτον·
  Quam bene judicio comprobor ipse meo!
Quod latuit didici, et multum latuisse fatebor;
  Ecce! placens, hilaris, bellus, amœnus, homo.
Ibo, me ostendam populo, totique suburræ;
  Ni sciat hoc alter, scire meum nihil est.'

H. D.

The old Arm-Chair.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old Arm-Chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs:
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start:
Would ye know the spell?—a Mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old Arm-Chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that Mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide
With truth to my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old Arm-Chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
While her eyes grew dim and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from the Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on—but the last one sped;
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled;
I learnt how much the soul can bear—
When I saw her die in the old Arm-Chair.

Cathedra Vetus.

Illam amo, quantum amo! Invidus taceat,
Si mihi vetus hæc Cathedra placeat.
Illam præ mercibus condidi Tyriis,
Lacrymis sparsi, fudi suspiriis:
Illa adamantino stringitur cordi
Nexu et vinculo—scilicet audi:
Sedit in illa heu! matrum tenerrima;
Et vetus hæc Cathedra est rerum sacerrima.

Hanc prope sedem puer cunctabar,
Imbibens vocem quam venerabar;
Matris ego hauriens verba moventia,
Et bene vivere et mori docentia:
Illa docebat, quam minime puduit,
Si veritati quis et Deo studuit;
Donec flectebam cum prece strenua
Ad latus veteris Cathedræ genua.

Quantum invigilavi, et totus in illis,
Nocti oculorum et canis capillis!
Quam Deam putavi, cum illa ridebat;
Deam, pro puero cum supplicabat!
Sed anni—ah! ultimus annus præteriit,
Meus amor excessit et lux mea periit:
De carcere luctus ad metam percurritur,
Quando illa in veteri Cathedra moritur.

'Tis past, 'tis past—but I gaze on it now
With aching heart and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, and there she died:
And memory flows with a lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
Whilst the scalding drops roll down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my Mother's old Arm-Chair.

E. Cooke.

The Man of Thessaly.

There was a man of Thessaly,
  And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a gooseberry bush
  And scratched out both his eyes:
And when he saw his eyes were out,
  With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush—
  And scratched them in again.

Gammer Gurton.

Abiit, abiit !—sed reminiscimur,
Tremuli, mœsti : en sedes ipsissima !
Illa me fovit et occidit illa ;
Redeunt animo tristia mille.
Sinam stultitiæ meæ moneri,
Ignea gutta non vult cohiberi.
Illam amo, quantum amo !—rideant cæteri ;
Matris ego immorer Cathedræ veteri !

H. D.

Vir Thessalus.

Ἐξ οὐ τυχόντων Θέτταλός τις ἦν ἀνήρ,
ὃς ἔργον ἐπεχείρησε τλημονέστατον·
ἀκανθοχηνοκοκκόβατον εἰσήλατο,
δίσσας τ' ἀνεξώρυξεν ὀφθάλμων κόρας.
ὡς οὖν τὰ πραχθέντ' ἔβλεπεν τυφλὸς γεγώς,
οὐ μὴν ὑπέπτηξ' οὐδὲν, ἀλλ' εὐκαρδίως
βάτον τιν' ἄλλην ἥλατ' εἰς ἀκανθίνην,
κἀκ τοῦδ' ἐγένετ' ἐξαῦθις ἐκ τυφλοῦ βλέπων.

S. B.

THESSALUS acer erat, sapiens præ civibus unus,
Qui mediam insiluit spineta per horrida sepem,
Effoditque oculos sibi crudelissimus ambos.
Cum vero effossos orbes sine lumine vidit,
Viribus enisum totis illum altera sepes
Accipit, et raptos oculos cito reddit egenti.

F. H.

The Shrubbery.

Oh ! happy shades—to me unblest !
  Friendly to peace, but not to me !
How ill the scene that offers rest,
  And hearts that cannot rest, agree !

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
  Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
  And please, if anything could please.

But fixed unalterable Care
  Forgoes not what she feels within,
Shews the same sadness every where,
  And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
  While peace possessed those silent bowers
Her animating smile withdrawn,
  Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
  This moss grown alley musing, slow ;
They seek like me the secret shade,
  But not like me to nourish woe !

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
  Alike admonish not to roam ;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
  And those of sorrows yet to come.

Cowper.

Frutetum.

Vos, O felices umbræ, mihi gaudia nulla
  Præbetis, quamvis vos amet ipsa quies:
Quam male conveniunt cor quod requiescere nescit,
  Et locus ignavæ deditus ille moræ!

Hic vitro fons lucidior, proceraque pinus,
  Et salices illæ quas levis aura movet,
Forte minus læsæ referant solatia menti,
  Et me, si valeant ulla juvare, juvent.

Sed vultu torvo, implacidis quæ surdior Euris,
  Non sinit expelli Cura quod intus habet;
Illam atri sequitur facies tristissima cœli,
  Immemorem pariter temporis atque loci.

Quicquid enim in foliis viridique placebat in herba,
  Et rura et tacitum pace tenente nemus,
Abrepto risu, qui rerum inspirat amorem,
  Undique delicias perdidit omne suas.

Hac in muscosa, qui vero innititur, umbra
  Cogitet arcani mystica jura Dei;
Ille amat et silvas, sed non ut pabula luctus
  Concipiat, similis dissimilisque mei.

Me fœcundus ager simul et deserta ferarum,
  Deserere has sedes et loca nota vetant:
Alter præteritos memorat felicius annos;
  Altera, venturi quod dabit hora mali.

J. M.

Alcestis.

Ἐγὼ καὶ διὰ Μούσας,
καὶ μετάρσιος ᾖξα, καὶ
πλεῖστον ἁψάμενος λόγον
κρεῖσσον οὐδὲν Ἀνάγκας
εὗρον· οὐδέ τι φάρμακον
Θρῄσσαις ἐν σανίσι, τὰς
Ὀρφεία κατέγραψε
γῆρυς· οὐδ' ὅσα Φοῖβος
Ἀσκληπιαδίασιν παρέδωκε
φάρμακα πολυπόνοις
ἀντιτεμὼν βροτοῖσι.

Ἀντ. α'.

μόνας δ' οὔτ' ἐπὶ βωμοὺς
ἐλθεῖν οὔτε βρέτας θεᾶς
ἐστὶν, οὐ σφαγίων κλύει.
μή μοι, πότνια, μείζων
ἔλθοις, ἢ τὸ πρὶν ἐν βίῳ·
καὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς ὅ, τι νεύσῃ
ξύν σοι τοῦτο τελευτᾷ.
καὶ τὸν ἐν Χαλύβεσσι
δαμάζει σὺν βίᾳ σίδαρον,
οὐδέ τις ἀποτόμου
λήματος ἐστὶν αἰδώς.

Στροφὴ β'.

καὶ σ' ἐν ἀφύκτοισι χερῶν
εἷλε θεὰ δεσμοῖς.

Alcestis.

PENNIS volavi per liquidum æthera
Scientiarum deliciis vacans,
Suavesque tentavi recessus
Pieridum vitreosque fontes;
Sed cuncta frænat dura Necessitas,
Quocunque vertor, non superabilis;
Non ipse commisit tabellis
Threiciis medicamen Orpheus;
Non Æsculapi toxica filiis
Phœbus, medentis pocula, miscuit;
Quæ jura et obscœni valerent
Imperium temerare Fati.
Illa et Dearum sola tepentibus
Invidit aris; illa vel hostias
Spernit reluctantes, et odit
Marmoreæ simulacra formæ.
O Diva,—nam tu concilias Jovem
Et sceptra mundi—da placidam mihi
Transire vitam: tu metalli
Duritiem Chalybumque frangis
Immane ferrum; nec pudet indolem
Fovisse torvam.—Quo fugies, miser
Admete? te fatale Numen
Retibus implicuit dolosis!

τόλμα δ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀνά-
ξεις ποτ' ἔνερθεν
κλαίων τοὺς φθιμένους ἄνω.
καὶ θεῶν σκότιοι φθίνουσι
παῖδες ἐν θανάτῳ.
φίλα μὲν, ὅτ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν,
φίλα δ' ἔτι καὶ θανοῦσα·
γενναιοτάταν δὲ πασᾶν
ἐζεύξω κλισίαις ἄκοιτιν.

Ἀντ. β'.

μηδὲ νεκρῶν ὡς φθιμένων
χῶμα νομιζέσθω
τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχου·
θεοῖσι δ' ὁμοίως
τιμάσθω σέβας ἐμπόρων.
καί τις δοχμίαν κέλευθον
ἐκβαίνων, τόδ' ἐρεῖ·
αὐτὰ ποτὲ προὔθανεν ἀνδρὸς,
νῦν δ' ἐστὶ μάκαιρα δαίμων.
χαῖρ', ὦ πότνι', εὖ δὲ δοίης.
τοῖαί νιν προσεροῦσι φᾶμαι.

Euripides.

How d'ye do?

One misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin :
How d'ye do? and how d'ye do? and how d'ye do again?

Gammer Gurton.

Sed ne queraris: nam neque lenient
Plutona fletus illacrymabilem;
Et ipsa descendit sub umbras
Cimmerias soboles Deorum.
Quæ grata nostris vixit amoribus,
Illa in lacerto mortis amatior,
Virtutis exemplar pudicæ
Conjugibus socioque lecto.
Quin illa fœdi cespitis immemor
Errabit inter cœlicolum domos,
Nigrisque mutabit cupressis
Elysiæ juga læta sylvæ;
Dicentque voces prætereuntium
Fauces sepulcri—'Sideribus vale
Adscripta, pro caro libenter
Ausa mori mulier marito!'

H. D.

Quomodo tu valeas?

MANE vagans inter nebulas et flumina roris,
Cum pluvio nubes incubuere polo,
Cuidam occurrebam domito senioribus annis,
Ille senex corio totus amictus erat,
Pileolo mentum substrictus. Sæpe rogabam,
'Quomodo tu valeas? quomodo tu valeas?'
Atque iterum atque iterum mussabat uterque rogando,
'Quomodo tu valeas? quomodo tu valeas?'

F. H.

On the Spring.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours
  Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
  And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
  The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
  Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
  (At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
  How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
  The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
  The busy murmur glows!

In Ver.

Conveniunt roseis suffusæ risibus Horæ,
  Veris honos, Paphiæ gratia prima Deæ.
Dulcis ab hiberno surrexit Flora cubili;
  Nec mora, purpureas explicat annus opes.
Atthis, et alterna respondens voce cucullus,
  Indoctis iterant carmina verna modis;
Dum festo interea reparans sua gaudia flatu,
  Cœruleum Zephyrus mulcet odore polum.

Quercus ubi radios obscuris frondibus arcet,
  Latior et saltus, densior umbra, subest;
Frigida qua pinus, muscoque recondita fagus,
  Suppositæ nectunt pensile tegmen humo;
Sit mihi, dum luxus atque otia rustica carpo,
  Et jaceo ad ripas dulce morantis aquæ,
Sit mihi cum Musa vulgi spectare tumultus,
  Qualia cum quanto vota furore petat;
Quam vacuo tumeat vesana Superbia fastu;
  Quæ sit in egregia nobilitate fames!

Rusticus excepit posito sudore quietem,
  Otia per campos fessa juvenca petit:
Audin', queis turbis glomerata frequentibus aura
  Ferveat, assiduis vivida facta sonis?

The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
  And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
  Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
  Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
  Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
  In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
  They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
  The sportive kind reply—
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
  A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
  No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
  We frolic while 'tis May.

Gray.

Dædala funduntur flores examina circum,
  Lætaque melliferam depopulantur humum;
Aliger hic miles liquido fluitare sub æstu,
  Ille amat in summa ludere fontis aqua;
Atque alius, volitans super æthera præpete cursu,
  Corporis ostendit versicoloris opes.

Qui bene composita spectat mortalia mente,
  Sub paribus sentit legibus esse viros:
Qui cohibent gressus et qui velocius urgent,
  Ad metam, modo quam deseruere, volant.
Sorte nitent varia, fato sternuntur eodem,
  Qui sequitur vitæ gaudia, quique fugit;
Quocunque ereptus casu, sub pulvere dormit
  Pulvis, et aerii conticuere chori.

Forte aliquis cui cura joci, cui ludere cordi est,
  'Quid melius, tantum qui sapis,' inquit, 'habes?
'Solus es, et nulla est cui jungas oscula conjux;
  'Nulla domus, liquidas quæ tibi condat opes.
'Non tua per cœlum pictos fert ala colores,
  'Maturus periit flos tuus ante diem:
'Sol tibi discessit; cecidit tibi gloria veris—
  'Nos sequimur nostros, dum sinit hora, jocos.'

W. G. H.

Progress of Advice.

Says Richard to Thomas—and seemed half afraid—
'I'm thinking to marry my mistress's maid.
Now because Mrs Lucy to thee is well known,
I'll do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.
Now don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me,
In faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free.
I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,
But I'd have thy advice ere I tie myself to her.'
Says Thomas to Richard—'To speak my opinion,
There's not such a brute in king George's dominion;
And I firmly believe, if you knew her as I do,
Thou would'st choose out a whipping post first to be tied to.
She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
And a liar and a fool and a slut and a scold.'
Next day Richard hastened to Church and was wed,
And at night had informed her all Thomas had said.

Shenstone.

Little Boy Bluet.

Little boy Bluet, come blow me your horn,
The cow's in the meadow, the sheep in the corn:
But where is the little boy tending his sheep?
He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.

Gammer Gurton.

Utere Consilio.

'Mi Thoma,' Ricardus ait, simul anxius oris,
'Ancillam venit in mentem mihi ducere herilem.
Quando igitur tam nota tibi sit Lucia, si tu
Suaseris, hoc faciam; si non, rem prorsus omittam.
Parce cachinnari; nequeo indulgere cachinnis,
Seria ago: quare dic libera verba, sodalis.
Nullam, ex quo novi, detexi in virgine culpam:
Ante tamen vellem, quam res sit facta, moneri.'
Cui Thomas male salsus—'Ut omnia vera recludam,
Nulla est in toto tam bruta et sordida regno
Femina; quin credo, si tu modo tam bene noras,
Lictoris cædi virgis, quam ducere, malles.
Aspera, fur eadem, deformis, pejor ob annos,
Mendax, immunda, et stolida est, et cognita rixis.'
Postera lux oritur: Ricardus ducit amatam;
Et monitus Thomæ sub nocte edixerat omnes!

B.

Cœrule Parve Puer.

Cœrule parve puer, cornu mihi fortiter infles:
Vacca premit segetes, prata pererrat ovis:
Pro pudor! hic modus est quo, pastor, ovilia curas,
Sub fœno domitus membra sopore gravi?

F. H.

Pitt.

And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
Whose words were wisdom, and whose counsels power,
Whom earth applauded through her peopled shores;
Alas! whom earth too early lost deplores:
Young without follies, without rashness bold,
And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold;
In every veering gale of faction true,
Untarnished Chatham's genuine child, adieu!
Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
Expands from twilight to intenser day,
Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian sway.
O proved in danger! not the fiercest flame
Of discord's rage thy constant soul could tame;
Not when, far-striding o'er thy palsied land,
Gigantic treason took his bolder stand;
Not when wild zeal, by murderous faction led,
On Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread;
Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
Defied the native soil they wont to save.—
Undaunted Patriot! in that dreadful hour,
When pride and genius own a stronger power;
When the dimmed eyeball and the struggling breath,
And pain and terror mark advancing death;

Pater Patriæ.

Unica crescentes Europæ stella tenebras
  Dispulit, et brevis est gentibus orta salus:
O si nunc illo poteretur lumine tellus!
  Heu! demptum longis luctibus orba gemit.
Consiliis vires inerant, sapientia linguæ:
  Nulla foris metuit, nulla pericla domi:
Fortis nil temere est, juvenis nil ausus inepte;
  Et pauper patrias claruit inter opes.
O rerum variis, invicte, immote, procellis;
  Illustri soboles digna parente, vale!
Fulsisti, non ceu qui tarda crepuscula linquens
  Paulatim educit clarius usque jubar:
Extulit en subito tua se, et mortalibus ægris
  Integra maturo profuit igne dies.
Adfuit in quovis animus discrimine; vel cum
  Seditio rabidum tolleret atra caput;
Seu conjurati in campis viridantis Iernes
  Civili gererent impia bella manu;
Sive ille, Oceani domitor, queis sueverat hostem
  Opprimere, in patrios verteret arma duces.
Illa etiam, quæ certa supervenit omnibus hora,
  Gloria cui demum cedit et ingenium;
Qua victum cruciat dolor et metus ille futuri;
  Torpet cæca acies; pectora anhela tremunt;

Still in that breast thy country held her throne,
Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were hers alone,
Thy last faint effort hers, and hers thy parting groan.

Heber.

The Pirate's Farewell.

Farewell! farewell!—the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you;
Its next must join the seaward cheer
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents, which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,
The hand that shook when pressed to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love or hope or fear,
Honour or own—a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell—save memory of you!

Scott.

Illa, quæ tua sunt vix huc memor usque malorum,
  Pro patria sanctas fundis, ut ante, preces:
Una tibi curæ vivo fuit, una sub ipso
  Funere: suprema 'Patria' voce gemis.

W. J. L.

Piratæ Valedictio.

Vale! supremam nostra vox dulcedinem
  Tecum reliquit—ah! vale,
Dilecta virgo! Nunc strepente nautico
  Clamore primus audiar.
Qui proferebam blanda vix suspiria
  Vultu pavescens sub tuo,
Malum recidi turbidos inter notos,
  Quassamque purgari ratem,
Clarus jubebo. Qui levare conscia
  Non ausus in te lumina,
Qui tam tremiscens contigi manum tuam,
  Belli excitatus impetu,
Tormenta in hostes dirigam sequacia,
  Gladiumque tollam fulgidum.
Quæcunque amoris dona, gloriæ, spei
  Fuistis infausto mihi,
Valete, longum—semper at tui memor
  Manebit hic miserrimus.

F. H.

The Pig and the Piper's Son.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run:
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

Gammer Gurton.

My Native Vale.

Dear is my little native vale,
  The ringdove builds and murmurs there,
Close to my cot she tells her tale
  To every passing villager;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

Through orange groves and myrtle bowers
  That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
  With the loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The Shepherd's horn at break of day,
  The ballet danced in twilight shade;
The canzonet and roundelay
  Sung in the silent greenwood glade,
These simple joys that never fail
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Rogers.

Porcus et Citharistæ Filius.

Ille citharistæ filius,
Thomas, Thomas nominatus,
Porculo surrepto currit:
Porcus cito manducatus,
Thomas, cito verberatus,
Ululans per vicum fur it,
Ululans per vicum fur it.

F. H.

Vallis Natalis.

Vallis amo latebras et parvula rura paternæ,
Qua gemit in viridi blanda columba domo,
Qua mollem assidui fabellam narrat amoris,
Pagano nostram prætereunte casam:
Mus saliens omni silvester ab arbore pendet,
Lætasque impavido pascitur ore nuces.

Hic citreos inter fructus myrtique sub umbra,
Plenus ubi a patulis floribus halat odor,
Fallimus alipedes, positi feliciter, horas
Dilectæ sonitu suaviloquente lyræ;
Seu placeat vivas magis internectere lauros,
Si quis Olympiacum vespere currat iter.

Sub matutinum pastoris buccina solem,
Saltibus impliciti, sole cadente, pedes;
Quodque lyræ canitur, vel quos modulatur arundo,
Inter Hamadryadum frondea rura, choros;
Simplicis hæc durant casta oblectamina vitæ,
Et teneor magno vallis amore meæ.

H. D.

The Lotos Eaters.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the lotos, day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray:
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With the old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass.

Tennyson.

To Market.

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again, market is done.

Gammer Gurton.

Lotophagi.

Ut lentis juvat imminere somnis,
Et proni sonitum tenere rivi,
Dum marcent oculi, diesque fessis
Intermortua palpebris hebescit;
Inque oblivia grata diffluentes,
Vixdum, ceu jubar aureum, morari,
Quod summis nemorum comis adhærens
Sistit languidulo nitore noctem!
Haurire ut comitum leves susurros;
Loton carpere, prandiis vacare:
Ut fluctus maris interosculantes
Spectare, et teneros cientis orbes
Spumæ lacteolos sequi meatus!
His nec Mœstitiæ placens imago
Dulcem desinat implicare fraudem,
Quæ nos surripiat proterva nobis.
Sic fas sit sine fine somniare;
Sic in condita temporum relabi:
Dum visæ veteres subesse formæ,
Quas infantia noverit, Penatum,
Et suetæ species et ora nostrum:
Quæ cespes premit et recondit urna
Selibra cineris coacta cani.

C. M.

Ad Nundinas.

Vade forum, tu vade forum, confectaque prunis
Liba eme; res illic acta; recurre domum.

F. H.

Harp of the North.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark;
The deer half-seen are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herdboy's evening pipe and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again farewell, thou minstrel Harp!
Yet once again forgive my feeble sway;
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress, is thine own!

Scott.

Cithara Caledoniæ.

Orta Caledoniis valeas, Cithara, orta sub antris!
Purpureis major montibus umbra cadit:
Emicat in saltu seræ lampyridos ignis,
Cerva petit tectum vix bene visa nemus.
Tu magicam repetas ulmum; fontique ministres,
Et rudibus ventis, quæ rudiora sonas;
Dum tibi respondet pleni concentus ovilis,
Et pecudum a longo vox repetita jugo;
Nec vespertini cessat pastoris arundo,
Nec prima reducum nocte susurrus apum.

Ergo iterum valeas, Cithara, acceptissima vati!
De nostris habeas crimina nulla modis:
Non horrere meum est linguam censoris acuti,
Si qua levi dicto vox leve vellat opus.
Multa tuis modulis, per longæ tædia vitæ,
Debuit arcanis mens mea pressa malis;
Cum pepulit noctis tristes lux tristior umbras,
Curaque erat gravior, quam sine teste tuli.
Quod mihi per tantos suffecit vita labores,
Quod spiro et valeo, muneris omne tui est.

B. H. D.

Moloch.

My sentence is for open war: of wiles
More unexpert I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments.

Milton.

Moloch loquitur.

Bella placent nobis: nobis ars unica bellum,
Nec plures didicisse volo: quibus utile, cæcas
Consilii ambages jactent artemque sequantur.
Non hoc ista sibi tempus molimina poscit;
Nam dum quisque dolos texit vafer atque retexit,
En! cœlo profugæ stant circum mille cohortes,
Armatisque fremunt dextris, et signa reposcunt
Expectata diu, si quando limina cœli
Aspiciant: nostri interea nigrantia lustra
Sedibus optatis fœdique opprobria mutant,
Carceris, atque alii tradunt sua regna morando.
Quin potius flammis Erebi cæcoque furore
Armati simul irruimus, cursuque per auras
Præcipiti summas cœli superavimus arces,
Torquentes nova tela manu, tormentaque ab ipso
Addita, et in cœlum cœli convertimus iras.
Audiet ille suum ad fulmen reboantia regna
Inferno tonitru, nec nostræ fulgura turmæ
Defuerint; tanto fremitu furor evomet atros
Inter cœlicolas ignes, soliumque replebit
Sulfure Tartareo et piceæ caligine nubis,
Effundetque novas flammas, inventa tyranni.

*G. C.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Ducis Exsequiæ.

Buccina nulla dedit, neque tristem nænia vocem,
In vallum tulimus nos ubi membra Ducis;
Non solito miles decoravit honore sepulcrum,
Martia non solitos arma dedere sonos.

Undique constabant horrenda silentia noctis,
Luna laborantes vix agitabat equos;
Lumina præbebant incerto lampades igne,
Hasta sepulcralem dura cavabat humum.

Nulla cedrus legit cineres nec inutilis urna,
Nec sunt funerea pectora amicta toga:
At veluti in castris miles dat membra quieti,
Implicitus proprio sic erat ille sago.

Tam brevibus super exsequiis non multa precamur,
Nec vox est luctum testificata gravem;
Dumque recensemus mala quæ lux crastina ferret,
In vultu occisi figimus ora ducis.

Et gladiis vilem dum sic exsculpsimus arcam,
Stravimus et solum, cura suprema, torum;
Glebam insultabunt hostes, reputamus, in illam,
Dum sequimur reduci nos freta longa via.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour of retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

Wolfe.

O lay thy loof in mine, Lass.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass; in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae,
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha' loved best:
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

Burns.

Compositi tantos leviter censebit honores
  Quilibet, atque ipsum per gelida ossa virum;
Nil illi curæ, placida modo dormiat herba,
  Britones extremo quem posuere solo.

Nec media ingrati pars est exacta laboris,
  Cum sonus, horarum nuntius, ire jubet:
Quin proludentem ad pugnas audivimus hostem,
  Et pigra fulmineas fert temere aura minas.

Vulneribusque novis et honesto sanguine fusum,
  Paulatim dedimus triste cadaver humo;
Nec struimus cippum nec sculptum in marmore nomen:
  Deserto superest Gloria sola Duci.

J. H.

Nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores.

Dexteram dextræ mea junge, Daphne,
Dexteram dextræ, mea pulcra Daphne,
Et per hos jura digitos—amabo
        Te tua conjux.

Me diu servis amor occupavit
Luctubus desiderioque tristi;
Illius frangam juga dura, ni tu
        Sis mea conjux.

Invicem multis domitus puellis,
Aut in hac arsi levis aut in illa;
Tu manes regina: age jam meorum
        Finis amorum.

H. D.

Fatima.

O Love, Love, Love! O withering might!
O sun, that from thy noonday height
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing through all thy heat and light!
    Lo! falling from my constant mind,
    Lo! parched and withered, deaf and blind,
    I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers:
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers:
I rolled among the tender flowers;
    I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth:
    I look'd athwart the burning drouth
    Of that long desert to the south.

Last night when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came,
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.
    O Love, O fire! once he drew
    With one long kiss my whole soul through
    My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Fatima.

O ignis meus, O furor, Cupido!
O qui Sol, medio libratus axe,
Horres, plus nimio mihi obtuenti,
Flammarumque salis calente fibra!
En! mentem æquanimam abdicans, omittens,
En! putris vice frondis et caducæ,
Raptu præpetis auferor procellæ!
Quam sub mœnibus urbis inquietem
Hesterna modo nocte perviglavi!
Quos amnes sitiebam adusta et imbres!
Qua blandos vice provoluta flores
Pressabam gremio furens et ori!
Ut flammantia tesqua metiebar,
Et squalens oculo sequebar æquor!
Illum vox mihi si qua nominarit,
Ut lapsus color et subinde fusus!
Ut corde innumeræ ignium sagittæ
Fixo dissiliunt, latratque vulnus!
O ignis meus, O furor, Cupido!
Quo me suaviolo ferox tenaci
Exsuxit labiis, ut aura rores!

Before he mounts the hill I know
He cometh quickly: from below
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow
Before him, striking on my brow.
In my dry brain my spirit soon
Down-deepening from swoon to swoon
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher
The skies stoop down in their desire;
And isled in sudden seas of light,
My heart pierced through with fierce delight,
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops, blinded with his shining eye;
I will possess him, or will die.
I will grow round him in his place,
Grow—live—die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

Tennyson.

Illum, si subeat repente clivo,
Jam succedere, jam jam adesse nosco:
Talis ceu Syrii vibrat roseti
Sursum spiritus, anteitque euntem.
Tum sicco exanimata mens cerebro
Sensim deficit, inque inane sidit,
Ceu Solis specie recussa Luna.
Tum venti levis ambiens susurrus
Argentea fide frangitur, jugisque
Sublimis super explicatur ignis,
Inclinatque ruens amore cœlum.
At lucis subito natans in imbre,
Vi dulcedinis æstuans medulla
Viso solvitur, induitque florem.
Stat nudis oculis, flagrante cœlo,
Nec sacrum jubar obstinatus haurit
Languescens animus, tacetque pressus.
Aut fiet meus, aut mori libebit!
Adcrescam ipsa meo, meo adligabor;
Crescensque et moriens meum intuebor;
Vivensque et moriens meum tenebo.

C. M.

Hey my Chicken.

Hey my chicken, my chicken,
And hey my chicken, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.
Here we go up up up,
And here we go down down downy,
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round round roundy!

Gammer Gurton.

Mary.

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.
Few have ever loved like me—
Yes, I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee:
Alas, deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well!—yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee.
Fare thee well!—I'll think of thee:
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see—
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!

Moore.

O mea Pullula.

O MEA pullula blandula,
  O mea pullula suavis,
Procul in terris aut prope
  Non est, ut hæc, rara avis!
Hic en! ascendimus cœlos,
  Et hic ubi locus est imus;
Hic rursum et prorsum cursamur,
  Et circum et circum redimus.

F. H.

Delia Falsa.

DELIA, credideram tu saltem fida fuisses;
  Et spe, quam dederas tu mihi, lætus eram:
Sed modo tam pulcram queror invenisse puellam
  Fallere, perjuris in mea damna labris.
Non face plebeia, solitis non ignibus uror:
  Heu! nimio fueram captus amore tui:
Nec mea plebeiam texisti in pectora fraudem,
  Perfida!—quam vere perfida dicta mihi!

Delia falsa, vale!—sed adhuc reminiscere nostri;
  Est, nequit acceptam qui dubitare fidem;
Qui risu pendere tuo, qui nunc quoque mallet
  Tecum, quam sine te vivere, posse mori.
Delia falsa, vale!—tua sæpe recurret imago,
  Tot memori linquis tristia signa proco;
Inspice enim hoc miserum pectus, sævissima rerum!
  Inspice—tu leti causa ferere mei.

H. D.

Our sorrows still pursue.

Goe find some whispering shade neare Arne or Poe,
And gently 'mong their violets throw
Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire
Enchantments can charme griefe or care.
Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
The ruin'd capitoll shall view
And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can
Not cure yet the disease of man,
And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where
Another Sun and starres appeare,
And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
And yet even there your selfe youle meete.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
New toyes for a fantastique mind;
Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
By her aeriall quires doth sing
As sweetly to you, as if you were laid
Vnder the learn'd Thessalian shade.

Habington.

Fading in Music.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

Coleridge.

Minus Viæ plus Vitæ.

Quære susurrantes umbras Anienis ad undam,
  Padive propter flumina;
Atque inter violas dum languida membra reponis,
  Num tanta possint dulcia
Fallendo implacidos animi sopire dolores?
  Nos Cura post tergum premit;
Cumque ruinatis spectas Capitolia muris,
  Et signa jam molem rudem,
Non ita fas animo est humanum pellere morbum
  Oblivionibus tui.
Quære alios soles, peregrinæ et litora terræ,
  Cui nulla classis adpulit,
Hic etiam menti obvenies, teque ipse sequeris:
  Insane, nequicquam fugis!
Queis placet, exilio semper nova gaudia poscant
  Febriculoso pectori;
Carpe domi quod habes: hic Ver tam ridet amœnis
  Avium per auras vocibus,
Quam si Thessalicæ facunda vallis in umbra
  Soluta membra poneres.

H. J. H.

Vitanda est improba Siren.

Ante canit cygnus, quam fata extrema vocarint:
  O si fata Neam, quam canat, ante vocent!

F. W.

Dame Widdle Waddle.

Old Mother Widdle Waddle jumpt out of bed,
And out at the casement she popt her head,
Crying—'The house is on fire, the grey goose is dead!
And the fox he is come to the town, oh!'

Gammer Gurton.

Epistle to a Friend.

Well, be it so, my friend!—I've done
With mirth, extravagance, and fun:
I fear I've passed the fatal line:
That unchecked mirth and unstopped wine,
That flow of wit that knows no bound,
The merry laugh's perpetual round,
Nay, e'en the social generous glow
That all-enlivening grapes bestow—
Joys that a few brief sennights past
I thought eternally would last,
Or fondly wished, before they fled,
I might be numbered with the dead—
No more are tricked with charms for me,
Nor wake my soul to jollity:

Vetula Vidivaddula.

PROTINUS exsiluit calido Vidivaddula lecto,
Furtorum impatiens anus, extrusitque fenestra
Lanigerum caput, et clamoribus æthera rupit—
'Heu! quod me capere hospitium, quæ tegmina possint?
Quas ferar in terras? domus ardet et occidit anser!
Quid feci, aut quid jam restat mihi?—Candidus anser
Non rediturus abest, et venit ad oppida vulpes.'

H. D.

Ad Amicum.

DIXTI heu! omnia vera, mi sodalis!
Bacchanalia nostra terminavi,
Cum vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
Fervens ille lepos, fluensque vinum,
Mollis circuitus facetiarum,
Et risus hilares, jocique belli;
Imo, omnis generosa vis Lyæi,
Seu quid suavius elegantiusque est,
Quod vivax dedit uva dissolutis—
Quales blanditias prius putabam
Orturas magis in dies et horas,
Aut ante expetii ipse, quam perirent,
Convivas numerarer inter Orci—
Cuncta hæc illecebris carent, nec udæ
Incendunt animæ protervitatem;

That if to Pleasure I incline,
No more I view her form in wine,
Nor if bleak Care besets my soul,
Can drown him in the sparkling bowl.
Farewell, farewell, delusive dream!
The joy of youth, the poet's theme;
Enchanting scenes of mirth and glee,
When all was gay and all was free;
When infant love's first sparks were fanned,
Cemented friendship's strictest band,
And both together bore along
In union sweet the power of song.
Enchanting scenes, that fancy loves,
That friendship's sacred voice approves;
On which remembrance oft shall dwell
With sad delight—dear scenes, farewell!

Even so, I've passed the fatal line,
And other suns upon me shine:
But as the home-sick sailor sees
Mid the waste waves his native trees;

Sed sive Euphrosynem peto jocosam,
Non inter calices, ut ante, ridet;
Nec si Cura sinum maligna torquet,
Mergenda est cyathi scatentis æstu.
Actum est: desinimus levis juventæ
Vatum et delicias inaniorum,
Ah quam somnia grata, somniare!
O dulces aditus, dies amœni,
Noctes aureolæ, mihi valete;
Quum festum fuit omne liberumque;
Quando infans amor arsit in medullis,
Juncti fœderibus piis amici,
Et quicquid leve fulsit aut venustum
Dilectæ harmoniam lyræ docebat!
Quas non perdite amare mens recusat,
Nec voces comitum sacræ tacebunt,
Cordi quæ memori diu recurrent,
Ut solatiolum mei laboris,
O horæ ambrosiæ, mihi valete!
  Dixti heu! omnia vera, mi sodalis—
Bacchanalia nostra terminavi,
Et soles alios tepere sensi.
Sed vasto veluti in maris profundo
Fessus nauta videt nemus paternum,
Pingitque in vitreis fretis aquarum

And thinks the wide-stretched watery scene
Fair meadows clad in vernal green:
So oft my fancy turns to view
Those forms my livelier moments knew,
And kindling at delusions vain,
Believes and hopes them back again.
Then if I court their imaged charms,
My fevered soul is up in arms;
And sickening nature proves at last
The passion weak, the moment past.

Merivale.

Verni pascua ruris atque flores:
Sic rerum mihi pertinax imago,
Et desiderium redit priorum,
Quas in purpureis sequebar annis.
Et priscos foveo arroganter ignes,
Credoque esse meos, libensque fallor.
Quod si jam simulacra læta capto,
Menti nescio quid febriculosæ
Certatim irruit, et pudet fateri
Quam vini levis avolet libido,
Quam fallax rosa, quam brevis juventus!

H. D.

Pars Secunda.

With awe I kneel
Trembling before the footstool of thy state,
My God, my Father!—I will sing to thee
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades
The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
And give its wild strings to the desert gale.

To the Reader.

That union of the soul and body here,
Which heaven has ordered, calls for several treatment
To suit its several parts—Our outward man
Asks cheerful exercise; our inward man
Must have his pauses too from serious thought,
And gathers vigour for his loftier flights
By earthly relaxation—Yet, my friend,
We must not hover here, nor skim the turf
Uninterruptedly, but imp our wings
For rocks aerial and for upper day.

F. Hodgson.

Ad Lectorem.

Terrena mentis corporisque vincula,
Deo jubente fabricata, diligunt
Poscuntque curas hinc et inde compares.
Corpus quiete roboratur utili,
Modicisque gaudet indies laboribus :
Mens otiosa crescit interim mora,
Vigetque, nil molita. Sed, dulcissime,
Non hic moremur ; neu solum diutius
Penna supervolemus ignava nimis :
Sed altiores audeamus ætheris
Tranare campos, et die puro frui.

F. H.

Litany to the Holy Spirit.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations sore oppress,
And when I my sins confess—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes their vigils keep—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright my parting soul—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers all burn blue,
When the comforters are few,
And that number more than true—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last has prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Ad Sanctum Spiritum.

Hora in calamitatis,
Cum tenter et prober satis,
O! ut solvar a peccatis,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum capite et corde æger
Miser intus lecto tegar,
Ne in tenebras releger,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Quando domus flet et gemit,
Atque sopor mundum premit,
Nec vigiliis me demit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Quum campana sonat mortem,
Furiæque vim consortem
Jungunt, rapiant ut fortem,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Lampas fuscos dat colores;
Pauci adstant, qui dolores
Levent—veri pauciores!
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum sacerdos summa dabit
Verba, quæ nutu probabit
Caput hoc, si vox negabit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

When (God knows) I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet before the glass runs out—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with their truth—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright my ears and fright my eyes,
And all terrors me surprise—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that open, which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Herrick.

Psalm xix.

The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Cum huc illuc (Deus novit)
Ferar, sicut terror movit,
Nec stat sanguis, qui me fovit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum peccatis me juventæ
Serpens premit violentæ,
Vero heu! consentiente,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Aures gemitus obtundunt!
Ignes oculos confundunt!
Nervi sine te succumbunt!
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

En! judicium declaratur:
En! patet quod celabatur:
En! vox iras deprecatur—
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

H. D.

Psalmus xix.

Quicquid habet cœli vertex et splendidus ordo,
Quicquid habent vasti cœrula templa poli,
Sidera quot splendent, quot sunt super æthera flammæ,
Omnia divinum testificantur opus.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's praise display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor voice nor minstrel sound
Among their radiant orbs be found?

With saints and angels they rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Addison.

Sol qualis niteat, quali sit origine natus,
  Indicia, assiduo dum redit orbe, facit;
Per quascumque vagum late jubar extulit oras,
  Sedulus Artificem prædicat ille suum.

Quum modo victrices descendunt vesperis umbræ,
  Excipit alternam Luna diserta vicem;
Et sua miranti memorans primordia terræ,
  Edita quo fundat lumina fonte, refert.

Illius ætherium quot servant sidera cursum,
  Quot gyri in cœlo, noctivagæque faces,
Singula confirmant cantu, quæ singula narrant,
  Et capit unanimes axis uterque modos.

Ergone, terrestrem circa dum volvitur orbem,
  Stella secat tacitam pendula quæque viam?
Ergone Sol nullos, nullos dant astra susurros,
  Nec faciunt de tot millibus ulla sonum?

Scilicet angelicos interlabentia cætus
  Clarescunt superi murmura læta poli;
Et canere auditæ per tanta silentia voces:
  FINGIMUR ÆTERNA DIRIGIMURQUE MANU.

W. G. H.

It is I: be not afraid.

When I sink down in gloom or fear,
  Hope blighted or delayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
  "'Tis I: be not afraid!"

Or startled at some sudden blow,
  If fretful thoughts I feel,
"Fear not, it is but I!" shall flow,
  As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit thy way, though foes
  Some onward pass defend,
For each rough voice the watch-word goes,
  "Be not afraid!—a friend!"

And O! when judgment's trumpet clear
  Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
  "'Tis Christ! He comes to save."

Lyra Apostolica.

New Self.

Why sittest thou on yonder sea-girt rock,
With downward look and sadly dreaming eye?
Playest thou beneath with Proteus' flock?
Or with the far bound sea bird dost thou fly?

Ἐγώ εἰμι· μὴ φοβεῖσθε.

Cum vel metu, vel cordis in caligine,
  Sub irrita labor fide,
Molli susurro vox Dei me sublevat,
  'Tu ne timeto—Christus est!'

Ictu repente sim lacessitus gravi,
  Et ægra mens exæstuet,
Solvunt dolores verba, sanant vulnera,
  'Tu ne timeto—Christus est!'

Hostes propinquas occupent angustias,
  Non calle deflectar meo:
It voce ab omni martialis tessera,
  'Tu ne timeto—Christus est!'

Sic cum resurgam de sepulcrali domo,
  Sonante judicis Tuba,
Percussus æther fortiter respondeat
  'Tu ne timeto—Christus est!'

H. D.

Quod Sum.

Cur rupem maris insides,
Demissis oculis, tristia somnians?
  Ludis cum grege Protei?
An mergum sequeris per freta præpetem?

Old Self.

I sit upon this sea-girt rock,
With downward look and dreaming eye:
But neither do I sport with Proteus' flock,
Nor with the far bound sea bird would I fly.

I list the splash so chill and clear
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar,
I watch the waves that rippling still
Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

New Self.

Yet from the splash of yonder oar
No dreamy sounds of sadness come to me:
And yon fresh waves that beat the shore,
How merrily they splash, how merrily!

Old Self.

I mourn for the delicious days,
When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,
A stranger yet to the wild ways
Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

New Self.

Mournest thou, poor soul, and wouldst thou yet
Call back the things which shall not, cannot be?
Heaven must be won, not dreamed; thy task is set;
Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee.

Lyra Apostolica.

Quod Fui.

Hanc rupem insideo maris,
Demissis oculis, tristia somnians;
Nec ludo grege Protei,
Nec mergum comitor per freta præpetem.

Sed remum senis illius
Plangentem in gelidis fluctibus audio,
Risuque innumerabili
Undarum invigilo lene sequacium.

Quod Sum.

At remi sonitus mihi
Nullam tristitiæ movit imaginem;
Quodque in saxa ruit mare,
Quam lætum fremuit, quam fremuit ferum!

Quod Fui.

Insontis redeunt mihi
Felicesque soni et visa puertiæ,
Quum noram nihil arduum,
Nec sperare nimis, nec tremere impotens.

Quod Sum.

Nequicquam quereris, miser?
Annos et revocas non revocabiles?
Insomnis rape sidera:
Pax non est homini, nec requies tibi.

H. D.

Propagation of the Gospel.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
  Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
  The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
  Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
  With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted,
  The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh—Salvation!
  The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
  Has learnt Messiah's name!

Ite in omnes Terras.

Thules ab usque montibus
Albo gelu rigentibus;
Ab India, qua curali
Vicunt arenas aggeres;
Aurumque qua devolvitur
Afri ex apricis amnibus;
Multo e vetusto flumine,
Multisque palmetis simul,
'Adeste,' clamant 'tollite
Erroris atra vincula!'

Quid thure si, si balsamo
Odora Javæ litora,
Si rura pulcriora sunt,
Homoque solus vilis est?
Frustra Dei benignitas
Sic largiter dedit manu—
Caliginosus Ethnicus
Deos adorat ligneos!

Et nos, quibus veri sacrum
Effulsit e cœlo jubar,
Cæcis viris negabimus
Vitæ, viæque lampada?
Salutis O—Salutis O,
Enunciate gloriam,
Extrema donec litora
Sonant Iesu nomine!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Heber.

Song of Simeon.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,
And to be the glory of thy people Israel.

St Luke ii. 29.

Quod fecit, et quod pertulit,
Auræ ferant, ferant aquæ,
Dum sempiterna Veritas
Utrumque pervadat polum;
Dum purus Agnus, sanguine
Lotos revisurus suo,
Rector, Redemptor, Artifex
Descendat in terras Deus!

H. D.

Canit Simeon.

Domine, jam patiaris
Servum, quem tuum vocaris,
  In pace discedere;

Cum tuæ jubar salutis
Viderim, ut institutis
  Docuisti credere:

Jubar, quod parasti coram
Oculis tu populorum
  Sæculis in omnibus;

Jubar, quod illuminaret
Gentes, gloriamque daret
  Israel nepotibus.

H. D.

It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord.
1 Kings xiii. 26.

Prophet of God, arise and take
With thee the words of wrath divine,
The scourge of heaven, to shake
O'er yon apostate shrine.

Where angels down the lucid stair
Came hovering to our sainted sires,
Now in the twilight glare
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend;
Scatter the ashes; be the arm,
That idols would befriend,
Shrunk at thy withering charm!

Then turn thee, for thy time is short,
But trace not o'er the former way,
Lest idol pleasures court
Thy heedless soul astray.

Thou know'st how hard to hurry by,
Where on the lonely woodland road
Beneath the moonlight sky
The festal warblings flowed;

Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven
Wove the gay dance round oak or palm,
Or breathed their vows at even
In hymns as soft as balm.

Vates surge Dei.

Vates surge Dei!—Surge, et adulteram
In gentem æthereas præcipita minas:
Flagrum concute cœli
Hoc fanum super impium!

Scalis agmen ubi pensile lucidis
Devenere pios Angelicum patres,
Nunc falsæ magica aræ
Splendet flamma crepusculo.

I, devota cadant saxa sub hostia!
I, sparge et cineres!—brachia macera
Torva voce, profanas
Amplectentia imagines.

Tum, nec longâ mora est, verte retro pedes:
Calcanda est eadem non tibi semita,
Ne qua impura voluptas
Mentem fascinet insciam.

Scis quam difficile est prætereuntibus,
Qua solis placidorum in nemorum jugis
Pulcræ sub face Lunæ
Festum perstrepuit melos;

Qua palma aut viridi læta sub ilice
Dianam celebrant carmina virginum,
Lascivæque choreæ et
Vespertinus odor precum.

Or thee perchance a darker spell
Enthralls: the smooth stones of the flood,
By mountain grot or fell,
Pollute with infant's blood;

The giant altar on the rock,
The cavern whence the timbrel's call
Affrights the wandering flock:—
Thou long'st to search them all.

Trust not the dangerous path again—
O forward step and lingering will!
O loved and warned in vain!
And wilt thou perish still?

Thy message given, thine home in sight,
To the forbidden feast return?
Yield to the false delight
Thy better soul could spurn?

Alas, my brother! round thy tomb
In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,
We read the Pastor's doom,
Who speaks and will not hear.

The gray haired saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove;
Death only binds us fast
To the bright shore of love.

Keble.

Seu forte insidiæ te magis impiæ
Seducant—vitreus te lapis amnium,
    Hirto montis in antro aut
    Sparsis sanguine vallibus;

Altare in scopulis vastum adamantinis;
Spelunca, unde greges terruit avios
    Sistri mysticus horror—
    Ardes omnia quærere.

I calles alios: crede periculo—
O præceps gradus, O propositi mora!
    O frustra morieris
    Fati sic monitus tui?

Jussis rite datis, ante oculos domo,
Impermisse, dapes ad vetitas redis?
    Falso cedis amori,
    Quem spernas animosior?

Heu! dilecte, tuo in cespite supplices
Gravi tristitia sternimur et metu,
    Pastoremque dolemus,
    Qui fert jussa nec audiet.

Vates in senio sic cadat ultimo;
Fidens in media dux dubitet via!
    Sola morte ligamur
    Puræ litoribus Fide.

H. D.

Good Friday.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the sides so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow—
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised e'er He died
To the felon by his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow—
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Dies Passionis.

ARBORE in funesta fixus,
Languens, cruentatus, Ille
Quis est?—pallidis ocellis,
Sanguine, et convulsis membris,
Carne flagris lacerata,
Capite intertexto spinis,
Latere intus penetrato,
Siti fervida, derisa,
Fronte letum prolocuta—
Te videmus, Te fatemur,
Hominis dolende Fili!

Arbore in funesta fixus,
Quis est obstupendus Ille?
Meridiano sole nigro,
Rupibus quassatis, Templi
Velo penitus disrupto,
Trepidante circum terra,
Teste tam tremendæ mortis;
Paradiso tum promisso
Exspiranti prope Furi—
Te videmus, Te fatemur,
Et Te veneramur omnes,
Dei manifeste Fili!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep,
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew—
"Lord, they know not what they do"—
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rain-bow round his brow—
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Milman.

Arbore in funesta fixus,
Quis est moribundus Ille?
Ultima et lugubri voce;
Spiritu exeunte diros
Inter mortis cruciatus;
Corpore defuncto mœstis
Strato locis mortuorum;
Accedentibus amicis,
Ut ad ossa Christi flerent—
Crucifixe!—Te fatemur,
Hominis dolende Fili!

Arbore in funesta fixus,
Quis est obstupendus Ille?
Prece pro nefandis ipsis
Trucidantibus oblata—
'Pater, nesciunt quid agant!'
Tumulo vacante, victo,
Animis per te redemptis,
Ineffabili triumpho,
Sine numero Beatis,
Circa solium supremum
Deponentibus coronas,
Arcu irradiante frontem—
Te videmus, Te fatemur,
Dei manifeste Fili!

F. H.

Mount Saint Bernard.

Where these rude rocks on Bernard's summit nod,
Once heavenwards sprung the throne of Pennine Jove,
An ancient shrine of hospitable Love,
Now burns the altar to the Christian's God.
Here peaceful Piety, age on age, has trod
The waste; still keeps her vigils, takes her rest;
Still as of yore salutes the coming guest,
And cheers the weary as they onward rove,
Healing each wayworn limb—or oft will start
Catching the storm-lost wanderer's sinking cry,
Speed the rich cordial to his ebbing heart,
Chafe his stiff limbs and bid him not to die.
So tasked to smooth stern Winter's drifting wing,
And garb the eternal snows in more eternal spring.

Δ.

Alms.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford
Instead of that a sweet and gentle word;
God crowns our goodness, wheresoe'er He sees
On our part wanting the abilities.

Herrick.

Scriptum in Monte Bernardi.

Hæc ubi saxa vides Bernardi in monte, viator,
Pennini quondam templa fuere Jovis,
Hospitium vetus, et multis memorabile sæclis;
Nunc colitur veri sanctior ara Dei.
Scilicet hic olim voluit sibi ponere sedem
Religio, et notis gaudet adesse jugis;
Utque prius blanda venientes voce salutat,
Deque via fessis alma ministrat opem,
Et fractas reparat vires, reficitque labantem,
Et fovet Alpino membra perusta gelu;
Aut, quos obruerit subita nix lapsa ruina,
Eripit ex alta mole, vetatque mori:
Temperat et Boreæ rabiem, mollitque pruinas,
Et facit æterno vere tepere nives.

S. B.

Largitio.

Si nummos habeas, da quod habes; si minus id vales,
Da solatiolum dulciloquis et teneris labris:
Si quid fecerimus corde pio, plaudit opus Pater,
Qui nos instituit rerum inopes, et miserans videt.

H. D.

By the Waters of Babylon.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
When we remembered thee, O Sion.
As for our harps we hanged them up
Upon the trees that are therein.
For they that led us away captive
Required of us then a song
And melody in our heaviness;
Sing us one of the songs of Sion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;
Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.
Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
In the day of Jerusalem:

Propter Amnes Babylonis.

PROPTER amnes Babylonis
Sedebamus lacrymantes,
Templi sancti et Sionis
Triste fatum complorantes;

Et ad salices propinquas,
Conspergentes ora fletu,
Fractas figebamus lyras
Plurimo cum ejulatu:

Namque amabilem concentum
Exquirebant vexatores,
Jubilemus ut recentum
Inter cladium dolores;

Et clamabant, 'Delectentur
Aures versibus divinis!'
Quomodo Dei sonentur
Cantica in peregrinis?

Dextra moveri negato,
Si Sionis obliviscar;
Lingua hæreat palato,
Templi si non reminiscar.

Pende exultationem,
Deus, Edomi, et minas
Quas fuderunt, ut Sionem
Convertebant in ruinas,

How they said,
Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery,
Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee
As thou hast served us.
Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children,
And throweth them against the stones.

Psalm cxxxvii.

Home.

Banished the house of sacred rest,
  Amid a thoughtless throng,
At length I heard its creed confessed,
  And knelt the saints among.

Artless his strain and unadorned,
  Who spoke Christ's message there;
But what at home I might have scorned,
  Now charmed my famished ear.

Lord, grant me this abiding grace,
  Thy words and sons to know;
To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
  Although his speech be slow.

Lyra Apostolica.

Ut fremebant 'Devastate
Solymarum ornamenta,
Et cum solo adæquate
Urbis alta fundamenta.'

Beatus ille, Babylonis
Filia misere vexata,
In te die ultionis
Qui retribuet hæc fata.

Beatus ille, qui infantes
Cum parentibus excidet,
Et ad lapides extantes
Vitam fragilem elidet.

A. B. H.

Domus.

SACRÆ quietis exul a pura domo,
  Inter sodales improbos,
Tandem audii perculsus expostam fidem,
  Addorque sanctorum gregi.

Auctor modestæ castus eloquentiæ
  Fuit ille Christi nuncius:
Sed nunc, quod ante spreveram surdus domi,
  Auri irruit famelicæ.

O sempiterna gratia sinas mihi
  Te scire, Te, Deus, et tuos:
Velata Mosis ora acutum cernere,
  Sermone sit quamvis rudi!

H. D.

To Death.

Thou bidst me come away,
And I'll no longer stay,
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years,
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times ;
To don my robes of love
Fit for the place above ;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout :
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence.
This done, I'll only cry
'God mercy !'—and so die.

Herrick.

Epitaph.

Beneath a sleeping infant lies—
To earth his body lent,
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.
And when the arch angel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Thousands will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

Wisbeach Churchyard.

Ad Mortem.

Jubes abire, nec recuso,
Lacrymarum rore fuso,
Ob culpas præteritorum
Juvenilium annorum,
Et, in corde pœnitenti,
Tempore pro hoc præsenti.
Quin et pallium amoris
Induam, quo pergam foris;
Quod velare me sit aptum,
Inter cœlites correptum.
Sic succinctæ pietate,
Innocentia ligatæ,
Iter plantæ inchoabunt;
Et suprema exclamabunt,
'Miserere peccatoris,
Deus!' verba hujus oris.

H. D.

M. S.

Parvulus hic infans molli sub cespite dormit;
Credita sunt viridi, non data, membra solo.
Pulcrior exuta posthac tellure resurget,
Tempore sed nullo castior esse potest.
Quum tamen attonitos rumpet Tuba nuntia cœlos,
Junctaque sint animis ossa relicta suis,
Mille tuo optabunt vitam degisse sub astro,
Inque brevi tecum deperiisse die.

H. I. H.

Thy will be done.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my fate and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught—
Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive I would still reply—
Thy will be done!

If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what was thine—
Thy will be done!

If sickness wastes me to decay,
Let me with humble faith obey,
And teach thy servant still to pray—
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say—
Thy will be done!

Elliot.

Fiat Voluntas.

Deus Pater, quando exulo
In asperis procul a domo,
Fac corde supplicem meo—
Fiat voluntas O tua!

Sors ut siet mi tristior,
Ne murmurem superbior;
At vox sonet divinior,
Fiat voluntas O tua!

Si raptum amicum defleam,
Solam terens solus viam,
Fretus Deo respondeam—
Fiat voluntas O tua!

Si me resignatum voces,
Quas arctius retineo res,
Nunquam meas—tuas habes;
Fiat voluntas O tua!

Sin æger usque conterar,
Fidens humiliter obsequar,
Et des precanti ut eloquar—
Fiat voluntas O tua!

Meam voluntatem nova,
Et indies misce tua;
Sitque petere arduum veta—
Fiat voluntas O tua!

F. W.

Recovery from Sickness.

O Saviour of the faithful dead,
With whom thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread,
Above their narrow cell;

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
Which thou hast trod before.

'Twas hard from those I loved to go,
Who knelt around my bed,
Whose tears bedewed my burning brow,
Whose arms upheld my head!

As fading from my dizzy eyes,
I sought their forms in vain,
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groaned to live again.

'Twas dreadful when the accuser's power
Assailed my sinking heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
And each unworthy part:

But, Jesus, in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Across my darkened soul.

In Valetudinem Reditus.

O MORTUORUM Tu fidelium salus,
  Quocum reviviscunt Tui,
Utcunque cespes frigidus lasciviat
  Super sepulcralem domum;

Non amplius complectimur mortalia,
  Effugit hæsitans metus;
Nec luridas timemus ire per vias,
  Quamque indicasti semitam.

Heu! quos amabam, vix tuli relinquere,
  Circa torum stantes meum,
Frontem irrigantes aridam fletu pio,
  Caput levantes brachiis.

Vertiginosæ quum superstites mei
  Frustra petissent pupulæ,
Novi severam mortis expertus manum, et
  Ut parcerer, fudi preces.

Quis non inarsit horror in præcordiis,
  Quando imminens Vindex reo
Recensuit consumpta prave tempora,
  Et leviter effusos dies?

Sed dulce Christus adstitit solatium,
  In lite capitali mea;
Caliginoso sicut in die jubar,
  Animæ serenans nubila.

When soon or late this feeble breath
  No more to thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
  And in the darksome way.

When clothed in fleshly weeds again
  I wait thy dread decree,
Judge of the world, bethink thee then,
  That Thou hast died for me!

Heber.

Evening Hymn.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
    Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
    For rest the night;
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
    This livelong night.

Heber.

Quocunque languens spiritus sub tempore
  Christum precari desinat,
In transeunda valle mortis adjuva,
  Manum in tenebris porrigens.

Cum carne rursus induar perterrita,
  Sententiam expectans gravem,
Sis o memor sis, Arbiter mortalium,
  Mihi morte vivendum Tua.

H. D.

Hymnus Vespertinus.

O Deus, o Tu, qui terras cœlosque parasti,
  Quique diem et tenebras,
Qui perferre jubes læta sub luce labores,
  Otia nocte refers;
Angelicis functos operum tueare ministris,
  Dum sopor altus habet;
Spesque hilares adstent et longa noctis in hora
  Somnia sancta toris.

H. D.

Balaam's Parable.

I shall see him, but not now:
I shall behold him, but not nigh:
There shall come a Star out of Jacob,
And a sceptre shall rise out of Israel,
And shall smite the corners of Moab,
And destroy all the children of Sheth.
And Edom shall be a possession,
Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies;
And Israel shall do valiantly.
Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion,
And shall destroy him that remaineth in the city.
Amalek was the first of nations,
But his latter end shall be,
That he shall perish for ever.

Numbers xxiv.

Epitaph.

Why should this earth delight us so?
  Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
  And every pleasure dies?

Alconbury Weston Churchyard.

Vates Deum interpretatur.

Ego videbo! Ego aspiciam!
Ego illius novero faciem,
Non nunc, at in posterum:
Stella de Jacob radios porriget,
Sceptrum in manibus Israel eriget
In terrorem hostium!

Pellet a finibus hic Moabitam,
Eruet Shethi domum avitam,
Cœlipotens Lacertus:
Ibit et Edomi satur spoliis,
Sheir et addet serti foliis,
Israel ignea virtus.

Victor a Jacob mox dominabitur:
Neci quod superest urbium dabitur,
Non immeritis vicibus:
Fuerit Amalek gentium gloria,
Illius illius cadet memoria
Revulsa e radicibus!

II. D.

M. S.

Cur adeo nobis fugitiva hæc terra placebit?
Cur oculos humili figimus usque solo?
Multus ubi exoritur dolor, accrescitque dolori;
Et quicquid misero rideat orbe, perit?

F. H.

Psalm xc.

O Lord, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age Thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

Before Thou broughtest the mountains forth,
Or the earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made,
And when Thou speakest the word, 'Return,'
'Tis instantly obeyed.

For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

Thou sweepest us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams:
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams;

Deus Salvator.

Deus, Salvator omnium,
Quos eligis fidelium,
    In sæculum de sæculo,
Tuo domus, perfugium,
    Et pacis Auctor populo;

Montes priusquam struxeris,
Terras priusquam feceris,
    Tu semper maximus Deus;
Unusque et idem manseris,
    Deusque mansurus meus!

In pulverem reducitur,
De pulvere qui nascitur,
    Et verbo et nutu tuo:
Vox exit—et convertitur
    Momento protinus suo.

Annorum mille series,
Ut unus defunctus dies,
    Spectante te, præteriit;
Ceu mediæ statim quies
    Taciturna noctis periit.

Averris nos diluvio,
Evanidos ceu somnio:
    Ah, quid si nos virescimus,
Et solis dulci radio
    In primo vere crescimus?

But howsoever fresh and fair
    Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down and withered quite
    Before the evening close.

We by thine anger are consumed,
    And by thy wrath dismayed:
Our public crimes and secret sins
    Before thy sight are laid.

Beneath thy anger's sad effects
    Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
    Like tales that quickly end.

Our term of time is seventy years,
    An age that few survive;
But if with more than common strength
    To eighty we arrive;

Yet then our boasted strength decays,
    To sorrow turned and pain:
So soon the slender thread is cut,
    And we no more remain.

Brady and Tate.

Gratia sit matutina
Pulcra, splendida, divina—
  Demetitur et arescit,
Antequam hora vespertina
  Citis pedibus incessit.

Indignaris Tu !—perimus ;
Metum pallidi sentimus ;
  Patent commissa publica ;
Quin nudari Tibi scimus
  Peccata cordis lubrica.

Tibi vultus sit severus,
Tristis, languidus, austerus—
  Ceu fabulæ narratio,
Annus excidit sincerus :
  Hæc est consummatio !

Ætas dedit septem denos,
Pauci veniunt ad plenos,
  Quod si solito plus valet
Robur, ad quater vicenos
  Annos spiritus vix calet :

Labitur tum vis jactata,
In molestias mutata ;
  Hominique vita brevi
Sic est denique sublata,
  Licio disrupto levi.

B.

Hymn.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
  How sure is their defence;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
  Their help Omnipotence.

In distant lands and realms remote,
  Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
  And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,
  Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
  And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Addison.

Live while you live.

'Live while you live,' the Epicure will say,
'And give to pleasure every fleeting day:'
'Live while you live,' the sacred Preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'—
Lord, in my life let both united be;
I live to pleasure, while I live to Thee.

Doddridge.

Ob reditum.

Felix obsequio, qui Superos colit
Terrarum dominos: scilicet in dies
Cui sanctum invigilat consilium Patris,
 Servatque omnipotens amor.

Nempe in limitibus sic ego barbaris
Erravi intrepidus; sic quoque pulveres
Calcavi nimios, nec violabilis
 Traxi morbiferum aëra.

Hac mercede juvans omne solum Deus
Explevit vacuum, leniit asperum,
Canis temperiem reddidit Alpibus,
 Tyrrhenum explicuit mare.

C. M.

Dum bibimus, bibamus.

'Dum vivis, vivas,' Epicuri de grege clamat,
 'Daque voluptati, dum fugit usque, diem;'
'Dum vivis, vivas,' Christi de nomine dictus,
 'Daque Deo,' clamat, 'dum fugit usque, diem.'
Dirigat hic vitam, vitam mihi dirigat ille;
 Quodque voluptati, detur id omne Deo.

F. W.

At a Funeral.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head
  Is equal warning given,
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
  Above us is the heaven!

Their names are graven on the stone,
  Their bones are in the clay,
And ere another day is done
  Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
  He lurks in every flower,
Each season has its own disease,
  Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the very light
  Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
  On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
  Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
  And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
  Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
  And warns thee of her dead.

In Exsequiis.

PAR est, quæ datur, monitio
Supra capita et infra pedes:
Supra, poli constitutio;
Infra, mortuorum sedes!

Saxis constant scripta nomina,
Artus madida stringit humus;
Lux priusquam cessit crastina,
Quod sunt illi, forte nos sumus.

Mors Eurisque Zephyrisque
Equitat; omni in flore latet;
Annus suis morbis, suisque
Quæque fatis hora scatet.

Rosam vidimus in genis
Mollis supprimi juventæ;
Vitæque ignibus in plenis
Noctem cadere quam repente!

Vidimus ægris graves annis
Vix ad tumulum claudicare;
Carnisque obsitos nos pannis
Turpiter juvat somniare?

O vertere, mortalis homo!
Periculum qui nescit, cadit:
Terra de mortuorum domo
Cavum mugiens, multa tradit.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Heber.

The End.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise, through thought, the insults of death defy,
The fools through blessed insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave,
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave;
It eases lovers, sets the captive free,
And though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Garth.

Introit.

Oh most merciful,
Oh most bountiful,
God the Father Almighty!
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession,
Hear us, hear us, when we cry!

Heber.

O vertere, cui Verum patet,
Christi verba, Christi ædes;
Vivet, omne quod hic latet,
Supra capita aut infra pedes.

H. D.

Exitus acta probat.

Tale mori, qualis placidam descensus in oram,
  Prævenit extremam mens ubi firma vicem.
Ingenio meliore suo Sapientia morti,
  Stultitia ingenio deteriore, vacat.
Quam pravi timuere, pii optavere propinquam,
  Tristia quam quærunt, fortia corda domant;
Vincula amatorum, captorum vincula solvit,
  Et præstat, quamvis dura magistra, fugam.

H. J. T. D.

Introitus.

O tu clementissime,
O tu benignissime,
  Qui rerum potens omnium,
Per gratiam Redimentis,
Per et Intercedentis,
  Audi, audi, vocantium!

H. D.

Epitaph on an Infant.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to Heav'n conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

Donne.

Psalm xxiii.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.

Yes, though I walk the vale of Death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

And in the presence of my foes
My table Thou hast spread,
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and Thou
Anointed hast my head.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So frankly shewn to me,
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Sternhold and Hopkins.

M. S.

Ante malum quam te culpa maculaverat, ante
Quam poterat primum carpere cura decus,
In cœlos gemmam leni Mors transtulit ictu,
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.

S. B.

Pastor meus.

Pastor meus, vivus Deus;
Nihilo sum cariturus;
Pulcris pratis, aquis gratis,
Ille me est aliturus.

Ducet viis Idem piis,
Animam convertens meam;
Propter Nomen, felix omen
Mihi dans, quocunque eam.

Mortis vallis, licet callis
Fuerit, quo ambulabo;
At nil mali, fretus tali
Certo Duce, formidabo.

Mensam cibis Tu parabis,
Deus, hostes meos pungens;
Pocla mero Tu sincero
Plena reddes, caput ungens.

Omnes rite dies vitæ
Sic redundat Tua gratia;
Tu concedes, ut sint ædes
Meæ in cœlis palatia.

H. D.

Prayer for Absolution.

For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord,
Forgive me, God! and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not thine.
But if midst all thou findest one
Wanting thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

Herrick.

Propitietur Deus.

Si quid in his fuerit, sententia, clausula, verbum,
  Quod non te sapiat vel tua, sancte Deus,
Ignoscas precor, impermissaque carmina dele;
  Quodcunque indignum vivere, dispereat.
Si tamen invenies de tot modo versibus unum,
  Quem sinis æthereas, Maxime, adire domos,
Hic erit exemplo, commendabitque libellum,
  Et vati et tremulæ gloria sola lyræ.

H. D.

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